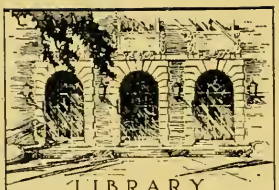

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THE WABASH:

OR

ADVENTURES

OF AN

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY

IN THE

INTERIOR OF AMERICA.

——The forest glades,
The spreading prairie, woo'd us on.
Imagination, 'neath the shades
Of timber'd wildernesses, ran;
And lighted up the unknown land
With hope and love and life renew'd:
For Thou wast there; and, hand in hand,
Bravely we met the forest rude.

BY

J. RICHARD BESTE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

Terre Haute.

PAGE

Morning service.—Dinner.—Our apartments.—View from our windows.—Visitors.—Unable to proceed.—Physicians on the Wabash.—Hopelessness of Emigrants.—Fears for our child.—Influx of visitors.—Mr. Murphy from Ireland . . 1

CHAPTER II.

The Death.

American "helps."—The little sufferer.—Nuisances.—The hot weather.—Our nurses.—Sympathy.—Preparations for death.—The watchers of the night.—More physicians.—The mother's despair.—Our son from Vandalia.—Delirium.—Prayers for the dying.—Kind hearts.—A funeral on the Wabash 18

PAGE

CHAPTER III.

THE ILLNESS.

Change of rooms.—Medical consultations.—American consolation.—Sarah the "help."—More illness.—A new remedy.—A rough-and-ready.—Sportsmen in the backwoods.—The feast of squirrels.—Black Lucy.—The wife's devotion.—Night messengers to the doctor.—Resignation of plans.—Luggage at Vandalia 42

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRAIRIE HOTEL.

Our village.—An hotel in the backwoods.—The waiters.—The dinners.—The company.—The dandies from Cincinnati.—Mr. Bunting's household.—Anthony, the black cook.—Our daughters and the lady-boarders.—A night in a hot climate.—Murder of our landlord.—Birth of a baby.—The 4th July.—A boarding school 65

CHAPTER V.

SOCIETY ON THE WABASH.

American influences on English lads.—Flirtations.—American women.—An American wife.—An American daughter.—Education in convents.—Frank and the gunpowder.—The rough-and-ready and the

PAGE

hearse.—Lessons and fortune-hunting.—Mischief.—American pronunciation.—The dressmakers and our daughters.—American women again!—Confession.—A storm 89

CHAPTER VI.

Life in Indiana.

Convalescence.—Shops.—Dr. Read, M.D.—Hats off!—The night air from the Lakes.—Catidids.—Our neighbours.—The emigrants' choice.—Fat pigs.—Illinois beef.—Topography of Terre Haute.—My first walk.—The gentleman tailor.—The lawsuit.—Bloomerism.—The ladies of Terre Haute.—The Catholic Church.—The preacher's mare . . 120

CHAPTER VII.

The Election.

Difficulties of travel—Bridge over the Wabash—A finger-post.—A portable house.—Colonel Harrison.—An Indiana country house.—Dining out.—Wine on the Wabash.—The election.—Vote by ballot.—The Emperor of the French.—Election of judges by universal suffrage and vote by ballot.—The candidates.—The voting paper.—The ballot box.—Poor voters and liberals in England.—Physicians' fees.—Inducements to remain in the backwoods.—Farewell visits.—The graveyard . . . 153

PAGE

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WABASH CANAL.

English proprietary of the canal.—Indiana scorned repudiation!—Electric telegraphs.—Cost of living.—New Harmony.—The canal boat.—A bog drained by water.—Mosquitoes.—La Fayette.—Change of canal boats.—Row amongst the ladies.—Captain G. Davis.—Letter from the English trustee.—Nights on board.—The country ruined by the canal.—Yankees.—A free negress.—Parting at Junction.—Manners of American farmers.—Improved civilisation 182

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT LAKES.

The crippled pianist.—The Louisiana steamer.—Our babies at Niagara Falls.—Walks in the neighbourhood.—The *Maid of the Mist*.—Peaches.—The ladies' saloon at the Falls' hotel.—The Bloomer.—Fine ladies.—Incidents of the Falls.—Lake Ontario.—The United States and Mexico.—Cuba and Canada.—Lake of the Thousand Isles.—The consumptive traveller.—Ogdensburg railroad.—Rousse's Point.—Lake Champlain.—Whitehaven railroad 222

PAGE

CHAPTER X.

Saratoga Springs.

A New Yorker's account of Saratoga.—The Congress Hall Hotel.—The dinners and the waiters.—American teeth.—The ladies.—The ball.—Arrival of a stranger.—The keepsake.—The Spanish family.—The French family.—The American family.—Gratuitous advice.—Ambition of Americans.—Mendicancy —Almsgiving at Rome.—Analysis of the mineral waters.—The High Rock Spring.—An Indian encampment.—The Indian summer.—End of the season.—American post offices.—Troy.—The Hudson.—Postscript 255

CHAPTER XI.

The Emigrant.

Time needed to see America.—The people of the Interior.—Religious equality.—Catholic emigrants.—Religious animosities.—Roman agents.—The Papal government.—Warning to European Catholics.—Statistics of Catholicism in the United States.—Religion of Americans.—Wisdom of emigration.—Australia, Canada, or the United States.—Free States or Slave States.—Old States or New States.—Choice of a location.—St. Louis.—An improved estate in the backwoods.—Making a fortune.—A wife.—The labouring emigrant.—Mortality of New York.—The money-changer.—A decimal coinage.—Postscript: results of education in America 294

PAGE

CHAPTER XII.

THE "ASIA."

Cunard's and Collins' steamers.—The Californians.—Farewell to America.—Trial of speed.—Life on board the "Asia."—Liverpool fogs.—The Custom-house officers.—Accommodation and comparative charges in America and in England . . 235

THE WABASH.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

TERRE HAUTE.

Morning Service.—Dinner.—Our apartments.—View from our windows.—Visitors.—Unable to proceed.—Physicians on the Wabash.—Hopelessness of emigrants.—Fears for our child.—Influx of visitors.—Mr. Murphy from Ireland.

It was on Sunday morning, the 29th of June, that we arrived at Terre Haute. We had reluctantly planned to travel forwards on the same afternoon; for I had adopted, I know not whence, an idea that the neighbourhood of the Wabash was particularly unhealthy; and I was unwilling to pass a night within its influence. My wife and children had urged that we should remain here for the Sunday; but the impression against the country was strong upon me; and I had resolved to leave the shores of the river and to get as far as possible into Illinois State before night. Having given directions, therefore, that our horses should be

baited, I went and sat me down in the hotel; as I felt too unwell to accompany our children, who hoped still to reach church in time for Divine service. There were many churches in Terre Haute frequented by different religionists, and they wandered from one to the other. Outside the door of one, they heard a few sentences from a preacher whose loud ranting tones proved him not to be of the worship they sought. The two eldest turned from another temple they had entered, and told their astonished brothers and sisters, who had waited outside, that they could not tell what or whether any worship was being performed within, as *there was no altar* in the building; but that the congregation was sitting round the hall singing. One had inscribed over it in large letters, "THE ONE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE PILLAR AND GROUND OF FAITH;" but here they had found the service of the Episcopal Church of England. At length, they had discovered the Catholic Church they sought—recognisable by the signs common to it in every part of the world. But the morning service had just ended, and the congregation

was dispersing. Our children returned home disappointed.

At one o'clock, the hateful gong sounded through the "Prairie House", and we all went in to dinner. The eating-room was of handsome dimensions, well lighted by a row of windows on each side. The tables were laid out with great neatness and propriety; and from fifty to one hundred people were seated at them. These were of a class far superior to what I had expected to find here; some few of them were, evidently, gentry by birth and education. Mr. Bunting, our fat landlord, dressed in the height of the fashion, and with carving knife and fork in hand, politely guided us to our places; and then took his own stand at the side-table, which groaned under a profusion of apparently well cooked joints. One respectable-looking negro waiter was in the room; and ten or a dozen boys, of ages varying from twelve to fifteen years, and dressed in white jackets, but without shoes or stockings, ran about the room, and tumbled over one another in their eagerness—looking more like school boys playing at leap-frog than

waiters at a worshipful dinner table. Immediately, one of the smallest of the boys sprang to me, and exclaimed in my ear, as fast as he could articulate the words, "What will you take? Roast mutton, boiled beef, roast lamb, veal pie, chicken pie, roast fowls or pigeons?" I made my selection out of the few of the words of this gabble that I could then understand, and he fetched me something as different as possible from that which I had asked for; and hastened to run over the catalogue in the ear of my next neighbour. The dinner was, however, what, in England, would be called an excellent plain dinner. It was very liberally supplied, and the whole was very well dressed.

I felt a craving for something to warm my inside, and asked for wine. It was not usually drunk in the house, and, except champagne, Mr. Bunting had only one or two bottles, of a quality of which he knew nothing. He brought me a bottle of excellent Sauterne. This was not the best possible remedy for my complaint.

After dinner, I did not feel any better;

and we resolved, unwillingly, to spend the rest of this day here, and to move forwards on the following morning. Our children started again to church for the afternoon service, and we selected our apartments in the hotel. These we chose on the ground floor principally. We had a sitting-room to ourselves, which looked upon a space of ground, as yet unbuilt on, between the inn and Terre Haute, and which, at present, therefore, was an airy, open, grassy common: on the other side of the passage, opposite the sitting-room door, was a large bed-room, looking into the spacious court, built round on three sides by the hotel; and back to back against this room, was another large room, looking into the same court, but entered from a continuance of the passage which thus passed round three sides of the two rooms. The easiest way of holding intercourse between the two rooms was, therefore, by speaking from window to window; or by descending a flight of half a dozen steps beside the door of the first room into the courtyard, and from thence communicating with either room through the window. I took the

first of these rooms, the one opposite the sitting-room : our daughters, Lucy, Louie, Agnes, and Isabel, took the other, which was very large, with large double beds. We were obliged to take apartments for the others of the family up stairs.

For the hotels of Terre Haute were now unusually full. Not only had the railroad, and other public works that were being carried on in the neighbourhood, brought many engineers with their families to lodge in them ; but these very works had induced servants and helps of all kinds to seek the higher wages they could there obtain ; and families, so deserted by their usual attendants, had betaken themselves into the hotels to board and lodge. Such are the incidents of housekeeping in these countries.

I lay down on my bed, while our children were at vespers ; and when they came back, I returned into our sitting-room. The loud voice of some ranting preacher was still audible from a large church on the opposite side of the open common I have mentioned. Two or three yellow mastiff bulldogs were tumbling

about the grass under the window: like all the dogs in these remote states, they were very large; owing, I believe, to their never having been stinted in flesh-meat food. The eternal electric telegraph wire, which seemed to have accompanied our every step from New York, through town, through forest, over lake and over prairie, spanned the open space from side to side—striding along on its huge unhewn poles and then losing itself amid the buildings beyond. It lined one side of the high road on which we had travelled, as it swept on past the Prairie House towards St. Louis. On the other side of the road, were neat garden palings enclosing evergreens and flowering shrubs that overhung a wide footway and sheltered the trim houses within. Beyond, over and amongst the trees on the right, on the left, and in front of the common, arose the houses, stores, and buildings of the town—some of framewood, some of brick; while, through and above them all, peeped spires and towers of churches, apparently vast and various enough to accommodate the faithful of a city four times as populous.

After studying this interesting prospect, we were closing the blinds to keep out the evening sun when a waiter boy announced "three gentlemen": and there entered to us Mr. Bunting, the landlord of the hotel, a young Frenchman, who was a wine merchant in the town, and a mild-looking gentleman in black, whom he introduced as the Rev. M. Lalumière, the Catholic rector of the town. The latter addressed me in French, saying that he had seen our children at his church. I replied to him in the same language.

"You see," he said, turning to Mr. Bunting and speaking in perfect English, "I told you I was sure it was a French family."

"It is very strange!" murmured Bunting.

"Excuse me," I interposed in English, "we are not a French family: but mere Britishers."

We all laughed: and our visitors explained that they had been discussing the question of our nationality; the priest maintaining that we had been to his church and that we were not like Irish emigrants, while the hotel keeper could only aver that we spoke English almost as well as Americans. We now conversed together

pleasantly enough. According to my habit in America, I turned the conversation upon themselves, and picked up all the information I could about their neighbourhood, while I staved off the interrogatories with which they would have plied me. In all other countries in the world, people like better to talk about themselves than about the person they are talking to: in the United States, it is difficult to make them do so. I inquired the name of the best medical practitioner in the place (this shewed, by the way, that I did not feel so well as I fancied myself), and, after some discussion between my visitors, they determined that a Dr. Read held the highest rank in public estimation. Mr. Bunting had been inclined to recommend a relation of his own; but M. Lalumière, insisting that Dr. Read was the most perfect classical scholar in those parts, and always carried about with him the *Iliad*, in Greek, as a pocket companion, the other could not but give way to such evidence of medical skill.

Our visitors left us. We went upstairs to

tea, summoned by the sweet-toned gong, and retired early to bed.

I had an unquiet night; and, on the following morning felt that I could not continue our journey on that day. Our eldest boy, Kenelm, was, therefore, called into my bedroom: and, as Morrison and his team were hired for the job, I desired him to go on with them about a hundred miles further, as far as Vandalia, and to wait for us there; while Morrison, returning towards Indianapolis, should meet us on the way. But I told Kenelm that I had no doubt of being able to start on the next morning; and that we should probably get over the road and arrive at Vandalia as soon as him and the baggage wagon. My boy started in good spirits: and I took blue pill and castor oil and laudanum, and tossed about in my bed for the rest of the day.

Meanwhile, Louie and our little Isabel had not been quite well. The family medicine chest had been had recourse to; a small dose of the same medicine had been administered to each, and we nothing doubted but that all would be right next day.

In the night, however, I was far from getting better. My wife wished to send for a doctor, and to this I strenuously objected, on the plea that I was certain that he would bleed me, and that this would surely kill me. She said that I had been delirious at the time: certainly this dread of being bled for a bowel complaint looked something like it: but I had been reading Dr. Dixon's book on *The Fallacies of the Faculty*. In the morning, however, it appeared that Isabel's state was far from satisfactory; and I immediately wrote a note to Dr. Read, requesting him to visit us.

In a few minutes, he stood by my bedside. A middle-sized, light-haired man of about forty years of age; with hollow cheeks and high American cheek bones; with long, lanky, brown hair that nearly hid his baldness; with a round, bright blue eye which he opened very wide and rolled about incessantly; with an inquisitive, intelligent, good-humoured and very animated look, Dr. Read thus stood by my bedside. With his two hands in his breeches pockets, his shocking bad hat upon his head, and a quid of tobacco in his mouth,

which he twisted incessantly from side to side, while he occasionally squirted the juice to the floor on the other side of the room, Dr. Read thus stood by my bedside and examined me; and a bright, good-humoured smile played over his plain but wide-awake features. My poor wife was horror-stricken. She thought we had got a wild man of the woods for a physician. However, the doctor, at length, felt my pulse and made all the usual inquiries; talked, apparently, very sensibly; assured us that my illness was nothing; and went with the mother to see our little girl.

Here the case was more serious. He pronounced her, at once, to be suffering from bloody dysentery; but still gave hopes that, in a few days, she would be again well.

Thus, however, were all my plans, for hastening through what I believed to be an unhealthy district, at once defeated. Instead of hurrying on after a stoppage of two hours, as we had first intended to do, here had we been already detained for two days; and here it was announced that we must remain for an indefinite period. Alone, in a village in the

Far West, without a single acquaintance who had known us in former days; without a soul who could realise to himself what had been our position (as mere landed gentry) in our own country, however much we might endeavour to explain it to them—here were we stricken down like so many other poor friendless emigrants; and, like so many other poor friendless emigrants in America, here had we to undergo our trials and to fight the battle of life. In God, could be our only trust. To Him, I believe that we all breathed our prayers; in Him alone, we all confided. Not to one soul in that town, did my heroic wife and children give a hint that they were any other than what they were taken for—hardworking brothers and sisters, the children of one poor emigrant father and mother,—better off, indeed, than most emigrants who came amongst them; but still hurrying to the prairies as to a land of plenty, where, with prudence and industry, they might grow up beyond the reach of want; and, in time and at length, be received as equals amongst the proud number of American citizens.

And how would poor emigrants, so smitten down, be treated by the people to whose sympathy Providence had committed them? . . .

We assured Dr. Read that money was not an object to us; and besought him to spare nothing that could conduce to our speedy recovery; and he called again and again, and prescribed again and again. He was surprised that his little patient, though suffering much, did not seem to get materially better or worse; and that the Epsom salts and opium, with which he constantly drugged me, only produced a lethargic state, but no amendment. At times, my mind wandered; and I remember that I was very indignant against the number of strangers who thronged to my bedroom, and seemed inclined to make it their place of reunion. At one time, there were Dr. Read and Mr. Lalumière, and the French wine merchant, and a Colonel Harrison, a gentlemanly young man, an inmate of the hotel, already around my bed, when another stranger was most officiously and ceremoniously brought up and induced as a countryman, an Englishman who kept a ready-made clothes store at Terre

Haute, and who offered me his best services. I am afraid that I answered rather ungraciously that, when I wanted him, I would request his assistance; and, with difficulty, I had the room cleared of them all. I dressed myself and crawled across the passage into the sitting room, as no objection was made to my moving about in such warm sultry weather. The waiter boy there again threw open the door and announced "a gentleman."

A well-dressed labourer entered and, without waiting for word or sign from me, seated himself upon a sofa opposite.

"You do not remember me, sir?" he asked.

"I do not."

"But I knew you very well in England."

"Did you."

"Is not your name, so and so?"

"It is."

"Did not you live in Hampshire?"

"I did. Will you please to come to the point."

"I used to see you very often at the Catholic church in Southampton."

"Did you."

"I used to be working in the docks there; but I thought it better to emigrate."

"And what are you doing now?"

"I am working on the railway here. This is a fine country, sir. How do you like it?"

"Better than it likes me. I am very unwell."

"Yes. A great many people are when they first come;" and he settled himself in his seat, put down his hat beside him, and wiped his forehead, with the evident intention of paying me a long visit.

"I am not well, Mr. Murphy; and I am afraid I can't entertain you," I said.

"Oh, don't mintion it. Sure we'll talk about old times in Hampshire."

"Mr. Murphy, I am not well, and I must request you to leave me."

He stared as if doubting whether his ears had properly conveyed to him my impertinent insinuation.

"I am not well, Mr. Murphy; if I can do anything for you, let me know, and I will attend to it when I am better."

He arose quickly; and muttering something

implying that he would come and visit me again, left the room with a pitying expression, as if he knew that delirium only could account for my incivility.

Dr. Read had been present; and though much amused, was shocked at my behaviour. In vain I tried to make him understand that such an one, in England, if he had come to any gentleman's house, would not have presumed to enter even the servant's hall, but would have waited in the courtyard while his message was being delivered. The American shook his head disapprovingly.

Mr. Murphy was only another instance of an Irish emigrant in the novel predicament of feeling that he had enough to eat.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEATH.

American "helps".—The little sufferer.—Nuisances.—The hot weather.—Our nurses.—Sympathy.—Preparations for death.—The watchers of the night.—More physicians.—The mother's despair.—Our son from Vandalia.—Delirium.—Prayers for the dying.—Kind hearts.—A funeral on the Wabash.

THE illnesses continued; and a third and a fourth day we were detained at Terre Haute. With difficulty, my wife hired in an American "help" to assist her and my daughters. But after remaining in the child's sick room for about three hours, she announced that the place did not suit her, and she left. The place did not suit her, because she wished to sit by the bed-side and fan the little sufferer, while the elder sisters should arrange her room, fetch ice, and do all that was needful for her. On the same evening, however, from Mary the housemaid, a Dutch girl who had shown much good feeling, we heard of another, and sent for her.

"You know I'm a lady;" said Sarah, when she came; "and that I don't want to go out; only I heard that you wanted some one to help you, so I came to oblige you."

The tall, awkward, dirty-looking wench, whom one would have refused to hire as a kitchen-maid in England, was eagerly engaged on her own terms. We had already found out that servants were "helps"—not easily secured in the Far West.

It was necessary to divide the watches of the day and night. Catherine, our eldest daughter, constituted herself little Isabel's head nurse, assisted by our two next eldest girls; Louie and Agnes took charge of the two babies, four and two years old; Frank and his next youngest brother, aged ten, held themselves in readiness to run on errands: the eldest was gone with the luggage to Vandalia: my wife devoted herself to me. The three eldest sat up in turns throughout the night with their sister; one of them sleeping in the same room, that she might be in readiness if wanted before her appointed hour. My wife watched the whole night by me. Pain pre-

vented the poor child from sleeping; and medicine had to be administered to her every half hour. All these she took without a murmur, and refused whatever was offered her afterwards to put out the taste of the physic. She had always been a strangely-patient child! Quietly, timidly, almost silently, had she, thus far, lived her little life; going about everything methodically, and almost as a matter of duty, if the term can be applied to one so young. Yet was she not without animation; and an arch, intelligent laughter would, at times, brighten up those large blue eyes; and, then the wilderness of pale, pale, flaxen curls, that generally almost hid her face and shoulders, would shake and wave in her unusual glee. It is impossible to record what she suffered. In her, acute pain was added to all that I myself underwent. The opium with which I was drugged, kept me constantly in a more or less lethargic state; but oh, what a torment must have been the flies that pitched upon and crawled about that poor child, since they so annoyed even me in my half insensibility! It is true that, from morning until nearly sun-

set, one of the girls or my wife sat by each of us fanning them off and cooling us with a current of July air; but still they would intrude; and the heat of the weather prevented us from covering our faces with gauze veils as a protection against them.

Then there was a green and yellow parrot in a cage outside a window in the opposite wing of the hotel. What a screeching, crowing, laughing, screaming, chattering the hateful bird kept up! "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins! how d'y do? how d'y do? Poll wants a cracker!" I had, indeed, never heard such an incessant nor so loud a talker. And then the little blackguard waiters would come into the court-yard, in front of our windows, and talk to it; and the animal would not be silent on such occasions, as most of them are; but would answer them jeeringly, and carry on the discourse, crying and laughing like a child. How all this must have rung through my poor little sufferer's head!

For not only was the heat of the weather such that we were obliged to keep our bedroom windows constantly open, but the moving

about my room and the opening and shutting the door seemed to shake the very floor and tear out my inside; so that everything that was brought into or taken out the room had to be passed through the open window; and my poor wife and girls had to write instructions or intimations on slips of paper and pass them, in the same manner, from one room to the other. The servants of the hotel did all the regular service of the bed-rooms; but what extra work was occasioned by sickness, we had to do ourselves; and as Sarah, the American help, did not like doing any of the more menial offices, all in the court-yard saw, and God, I am sure, recorded all the trials that my wife and children underwent while attending upon their sick ones, through those ever open windows.

I gladly, however, write down that all in the hotel were kind and sympathising in word and manner. The black cook did not grumble at having to make chicken broth at unusual hours; the man in the bar, who had the charge of the lumps of ice, and who supplied the tank of iced water, ever kept in the bar of every American inn, he alone grudged his

trouble in having to break up the lumps of ice, and replenish the saucers that were taken to him to be filled at all hours of the day or night. For both invalids were encouraged, by their doctors, to suck these lumps of rough ice; and those only who have tried, can tell the luxury of such to a parched and feverish mouth. The other inmates of the hotel, however, would stop my children whenever they met them, and "how's your father?" "how's your sister?" "I hope they'll soon be better," were said by all in sympathising tones.

"I have seen Dr. Read," writes Lucy, "after standing and looking at dear Isabel, turn away and brush the tears from his eyes; and once I heard him say to himself, 'Poor little thing! it makes my heart bleed to see her; I never saw any one suffer so much so patiently.'"

"Every one," writes Agnes, "showed the greatest sympathy and kindness; not only the people of the hotel, but also the boarders in it; particularly a Mrs. Harrison, the wife of Colonel Harrison, grandson of a former President of the United States, who came con-

stantly into the sick room of our sister, and, with her mother, was of the greatest assistance to us."

I have pleasure in recording these testimonials from my children. Let them prove to those who were kind to us, that the little English girls appreciated and have not forgotten their good feeling. I now therefore quote from Louie: "Day after day, our father and sister continued to get worse, and we soon saw that there was but little hope that she, at least, would ever recover; and every day we were more and more edified by the beautiful patience she displayed under all her sufferings. The people in the neighbourhood showed the greatest kindness and good feeling. They felt great pity for a large family like ourselves, strangers to the country, and likely to be deprived of a father and sister in a short time; for they foresaw, from the first, that Isabel *could* not recover, and that papa was not likely to do so. All this time, we tried to keep, as much as possible, from him Isabel's real state; and the position of our poor mother was most trying, as she was unable to attend

to both. In a short time, I wrote, by mama's direction, to our brother Kenelm, telling him to leave the luggage at Vandalia, and return to Terre Haute."

The week passed on, and I seemed to grow better and worse; there was, in fact, no material change. Stupified by opium, excited by brandy and water, nourished by chicken broth, and chilled by lumps of ice; such were the strange remedies prescribed for me! I was brought to a state of excessive weakness and nervous irritation. With difficulty, I managed to dress myself, and to crawl into the sitting room across the passage, for a few hours each day. Though my child's room was separated from mine by a partition wall only, the tour of both large rooms must have been made to get into hers, and this I had not strength to undertake. Her illness was progressing; and through the modified reports that were brought to me, I understood that her life was in danger. On the Sunday following that on which we had entered the town, I requested Mr. Lalumière to prepare her for heaven. True to my principle, that nothing can justify the concealment of

their real state from invalids, I sent him to converse with her. She received him joyfully, and confessed her little sins. Poor little thing! She had spent but nine years with us; as good and harmless a child as ever lived.

In my own danger, I myself did not believe. An effort only could arouse me from the torpor brought on by opium and weakness; and, at such times, the excitement of the spirit and food administered gave me a false and feverish strength. I believed Dr. Read's frank American manner. I disliked the other strangers about me. Colonel Harrison alone I saw with pleasure. I understood how wretched would be the state of my family in case of my death in this far off country; and I felt that heaven would not inflict it upon them.

Meanwhile, our eldest daughter seemed to be quite smitten down by the blow which had fallen upon the family, and by the real work and hardships which all had to undergo. She, who had always been a second mother to the younger ones; thoughtful, methodical, and energetic, at the same time that she was most kind and considerate, seemed unable to com-

mand her faculties to meet these new difficulties. "In the watches of the night," writes Lucy, "she could not remember what had passed before she went to sleep, or when to administer the different medicines; and was obliged, therefore, to give up her turn. This was a sore trial to Catherine; for she had always looked upon Isabel as almost her own child. She insisted, however, on sleeping in her room until it was time for me to go to bed; then she would go up stairs and send down Ellen.

"On the eighth night, about one o'clock in the morning, I went to her bedside to look at our sufferer; and I cannot describe my feelings when I saw her. She was quite changed. All her features were pinched up, and death was written on her face. I had never before seen the dying. It is true, that I had seen two, whom I loved, dead; but they, both of them, had seemed to be in a sweet sleep. Isabel, indeed, was asleep; but a change had come over her that, to me, was so alarming that I went to the other bed and tried to wake Catherine. It was impossible to do so. I was

afraid of speaking above my breath, lest I should disturb dear Isabel. I shook her. I sprinkled her face with cold water, and shook her again. At last, 'What's the matter?' she said sleepily.

"'Isabel is much worse: come and look at her.'

"'Oh,' said Catherine, and turned round again to go to sleep. Again I caught hold of her, and 'Don't go to sleep again; but come and look at Isabel,' I whispered. She got out of bed; stretched herself, and came and looked at our sufferer; then turned as if to go again to her own bed.

"'Well;' I said, 'do you see any change?'

"'No,' replied Catherine, as she laid herself on her bed.

"I then perceived that she had been asleep all the time, and that it was useless to attempt to arouse her. But what could I do? I did not like to leave dear Isabel alone; and I could not call to mama without risk of disturbing papa, who was then very ill. At last, I set the door open while I ran up four flights of stairs to Ellen. She sprang from her bed as

I opened her door; and begging her to run down stairs directly, I went to Frank and woke him, and told him to go for Dr. Read as quickly as possible. The poor boy was very sound asleep, for he had had broken nights for some time; but he promised to be quick, and I hurried down stairs again and told Ellen what I had done.

"'That's right!' she whispered; 'I hope he'll be quick; for I don't think the dear child will live much longer.'

"We waited impatiently, and then I ran to Frank again and found him fast asleep. I shook and roused him. He jumped up, exclaiming 'Oh! dear, I wish I had not gone to sleep; but I was so tired.' Well he might be: for he had lain for some nights on the sofa in the parlour down stairs that he might be ready at all hours to go on errands. Fortunately, Dr. Read lived on the other side of another small grassy square or common that was on the other side of the high road, opposite the front door of the hotel. He soon came to us, and stood and looked at dear Isabel for some time.

" ' I can do nothing,' he then said. ' I will stop with you, if you like; but I am of no use.'

" After half an hour, he returned home, telling us to call him again if there was any change. She slept on; and when she awoke, did not seem worse than she had been. The priest came, and I was asked if I thought she could be prepared for the holy communion, which she had never yet received. I replied that I had not the least doubt of her dispositions; but that she suffered too much to be able to give her mind to so great a mystery.

" About this time, she said, ' Don't let papa come to see me, because he is too ill.' These were the only words she ever said, shewing that she knew herself to be really ill; she did not know that he was no more able to come to her than she was to go to him; and that it appeared to us all that, if one died, the other would shortly follow.

" Dr. Read brought her a new medicine. The second time she had to take it, she showed her repugnance by saying, ' Oh! is it time to take this again? It is worse than any of the others.' But she drank it immediately, and

asked for something to put the taste out; but then refused so to indulge herself.

"On the afternoon of Wednesday, Kenelm returned from Vandalia, and found us hourly expecting to lose our dear Isabel, and in a state of dreadful uncertainty about our dearest father. He then only remarked, 'I thought mama meant more than she said in Louie's letter.'

"This morning she was delirious, and her ravings seemed almost prophetic: 'Give me mama's cloak,' she said: 'the largest there is, to keep me warm, for I am going a long journey.'

"In the afternoon, M. Lalumière came and administered to her the sacrament of extreme unction. At first, she seemed insensible; but, by degrees, she appeared to waken up with a most beautiful smile, which became angelical as the priest pronounced the last blessing with the plenary indulgence."

At last, on the day before this of which Lucy has been writing, Dr. Read had began to give me calomel administered in frequent doses, which had, at once, checked my disease;

but on this morning, he had found me very restless with symptoms of inflammation, and had again changed his medicine. My wife, seeing that he was following no settled course of treatment, was in a state of dreadful anxiety. The priest had told her of a young French practitioner at Vincennes, ninety miles distant, who, he said, was very clever; and she was most anxious to send a message by telegraph to call him. To this, I objected with all the firmness of fever—arguing that doctors belonging to the country were most likely to understand its complaints; and that, in all probability, the priest only recommended the Frenchman because he was a countryman and in favour with the French bishop and clergy at Vincennes. I would have called in another practitioner of the town, but we were assured by all that Dr. Read was the most skilful of them. My wife had hurried over to our friends, Colonel and Mrs. Harrison, who were boarding in the hotel, to consult them. She had found that Colonel Harrison was himself suddenly smitten with the same illness; but he assured her that he had full confidence in Dr. Read,

who had heretofore brought him through other attacks, and that he himself would not call in anyone else. When, however, Kenelm returned, I consented that another consulting physician of Terre Haute should be sent for; and they quickly summoned a Dr. Clippinger.

Dr. Clippinger had the reputation of speaking his mind and of saying the worst at once: and he did so. He almost drove my wife wild by declaring that everything that Dr. Read had done was wrong, and that I was in a most dangerous state—in fact, that there was no hope for me. Frank followed them out of the room and overheard their first querulous talk:—

"You ought to have told his wife that he cannot recover," insisted the new physician.

"What could I do," expostulated Dr. Read. "If I had told her so, she would have gone mad. You see the state she is in."

"After going away and holding a consultation with Dr. Read," writes Lucy, "Dr. Clippinger returned, and seeing the state to which he had brought mama, tried to better matters by saying, 'Oh, but any one might be danger-

ously ill, you know: you, or I, or any one might drop down in a fit of apoplexy!'

"I never saw any one in such a state as was poor mama. I really thought she must have gone out of her mind. But she left the room where papa was; and, after walking about for some time in a state of distraction, threw herself on her knees and prayed. She arose quite tranquil, and went back to do what was still to be done. In the beginning of the illness, she had sometimes slept for an hour at a time; but it was now quite a week since she had closed her eyes, night or day; and I counted that, for a fortnight after this time, she never laid down except to make papa believe that she was sleeping, for he used to be worried to find her always up at night. How she had strength to bear what she did, was a wonder and a mystery to every one.

"Fresh alarming symptoms soon occurred in papa; and Dr. Clippinger and Dr. Read were again sent for. When they left him to consult together, mama also went out, and walked wildly up and down the green between the Prairie Hotel and Dr. Read's. It was

near twelve o'clock at night, and the two doctors were both in Dr. Read's house in consultation. She sent Kenelm in to them, to urge them to consider seriously of the case and to tell her the truth. Meanwhile, Ellen went out to her, and increased her misery by wringing her hands and declaring that she had always dreaded the consequences of such a journey to such a country. Kenelm came back with evasive answers from the two physicians: but tried to comfort mama by asserting that he himself felt confidence in Clippinger. But no one on earth could give her any comfort. The stars were bright, as usual, in heaven: and, to heaven, she appealed and prayed for our father's life.

"Dr. Clippinger had said that it was useless to prescribe anything for Isabel. She still suffered, and with the same patient resignation. She went to sleep and slept till past twelve o'clock, during which time we all staid in her room; sometimes going to papa's door or window to listen if all was quiet, or if mama wanted any one. Kenelm took me out to walk with him in the passages between the two

rooms, that I might tell him all about the illness; for he had left papa only slightly ill and Isabel quite well, and he had now returned, after ten days, to find them both at the point of death. After I had told him how fast it had all come on, he said, 'Shall you cry when dear Isabel dies? I shall not: for I feel quite sure of her going to heaven, and I cannot be so selfish as to wish her to remain here, for my own pleasure, when God takes her to be happy with Himself.'

"At twelve o'clock, Louie and Agnes consented to go to bed on condition that they should be called if there was any change. It was past one when dear Isabel woke up. She was quite delirious and did not know any one; and, for four hours, continued most restless. She could not be kept in bed by any means; but would be lifted from one bed to the other and back again continually: and when she perceived that we would divert her thoughts, she strove to get out and go to the other bed alone. Seeing that she was determined, I carried her across, for she had not been able to walk for a long time. 'But why

don't you put me in my own bed?' she soon exclaimed, and I moved her to the other. When in it, she said, 'This is not my bed. No, I am sure it is not. My bed is over there.' Catherine knelt by her side; and she went to sleep quite exhausted at about six o'clock.

"All had now again assembled, and poor mama came and took me away to look at our father, who, she thought, was much worse. At first, I thought that he had preceded his child; for he lay on his back apparently lifeless; but on a closer examination, I found that he still breathed. We watched every change in his countenace; and after a long time, he woke up; no worse, but not better than he had been. I went to the kitchen and made him some tea and a piece of toast. He took them and seemed better afterwards. It was now about half-past ten o'clock on Thursday morning, and I went back to dear Isabel: and found all my brothers and sisters on their knees. I knelt also; and, after a while, Catherine took a prayer-book and began reading prayers for a departing soul: but her voice faltered, and she was unable to continue. I

took the book from her, and read on and watched dear Isabel while I read. Just as I finished the prayers, a heavenly smile passed over her face, and her pure soul left its prison and was borne to heaven.

"I read on the prayers; for she had died just as they changed from those for the dying to those for the dead: I read on the prayers, although we all felt them to be unnecessary. Poor Catherine was quite overcome. She had never moved from her side since she had ceased to suffer and to be restless, more than four hours before; and her hand, that had been under her head, was quite burning and as red as scarlet. Poor Constable, the next youngest to Frank, seemed as if his heart would break; for he had lost his companion and playfellow. In a short time, I was sent to bed. I would have given the world to be able to cry; but, strange to say, tears would not come to my relief, nor did they for many months afterwards."

It was high time that the poor children, who had thus devotedly nursed their sister, should be sent to rest the remains of that strength

which was yet to be sorely taxed. The hired "help", Sarah, had laid herself asleep on a mattress on the floor—belying the name she condescended to bear, for she had given no help whatever: but many of the female inmates of the hotel had looked in and shown their sympathy during the last hours of the gentle sufferer: and now the kind hearts of Mrs. Harrison and of her mother prompted them personally to do the last offices of love about the little corpse. All was prepared for the funeral.

The priest came to me for instructions.

"Let all be done," I said, "according to the usages of this country for such as we appear to be."

On the next morning, the little coffin, made of some dark wood like mahogany, was lifted into a closed hearse on two wheels, without feathers or other trappings, and carried to the Catholic church. Our five eldest children followed in a rough-and-ready carriage with closed leather curtains. The omnibus went from the hotel filled inside and out with boarders and lodgers in the house. Colonel

Harrison drove his own rough-and-ready: a Mr. Allen, and some other of the inmates who possessed private carriages and horses, did the same.

"The church," writes Lucy, "was filled with people who knew us only by sight. I believe that many were Protestants" (all those whom I have mentioned by name were so); "but their behaviour was most exemplary. Many did not come into the church, but waited outside during the service, and then all followed us to the burial-ground, which was nearly two miles distant. Thus many of this nation, who are said to think only of dollars and of going a-head, left their business during the best part of the day to follow, two miles to the grave, the little stranger of whom they knew nothing, and to show their sympathy for the family. Of the whole number, Colonel Harrison was the only one with whom we were personally acquainted. Who will say that the Americans are not a kind-hearted people!

"It jarred dreadfully against our feelings," she continues, "to see the hearse jolted so fast

over the uneven road: but this was not considered amiss by others. When we arrived at the burial-ground, we found the whole space filled with people who had walked or rode out there. All made way for us. The little grave was lined with planks; and a plank covering was let down over the coffin: these were their substitutes for a brick vault. In a short time, we left the body of our darling sister in an American graveyard.

"On the way back, Kenelm quite forgot his resolution. He hid his face in his hands and cried with all his heart. When we arrived at the hotel, he shut himself up in his room for the rest of the day. In the evening, he was found to be ill and with strong fever."

Another of my children was thus stricken down.

CHAPTER III.

THE ILLNESS.

Change of rooms.—Medical consultations.—American consolation.—Sarah, the "help".—More illness.—A new remedy.—A rough-and-ready.—Sportsmen in the backwoods.—The feast of squirrels.—Black Lucy.—The wife's devotion.—Night messengers to the doctor.—Resignation of plans.—Luggage at Vandalia.

On the morning of my dear little girl's funeral, it was decided to move me to another room; and with the help of Colonel Harrison, the landlord, and Dr. Read, I managed to get up stairs to a room on the first floor, over our private sitting-room. It had, therefore, the same exposure to the west, overlooking the large common between the hotel and the town: and here, by opening the window and the door opposite it into the wide passage, I could secure a thorough draught of air.

By Dr. Clippinger's advice, a milk diet had been tried for me for the last twenty-four hours; and had disagreed. Each of the two

doctors was evidently afraid of being taxed with the consequences of the prescriptions of the other; and, on the following morning, Dr. Read put into our hands the written decision which I copy:—

"All the medicines now used are to be suspended for the next twenty-four hours.

"In their stead, we shall give an anodyne ipecacuanha pill every three hours.

"The drinks are to consist of iced mucilage of gum arabic alone. No nourishment of any kind to be taken at present.

"E. READ.

"E. W. CLIPPINGER."

"*July* 11*th*, 1851."

This paper being thus duly signed, it was evident that, if I chose to die, each doctor had guarded against any imputation upon his own individual practice. Are English physicians so on their guard against one another? Dr. Read openly avowed that he did not understand English constitutions: although he had heard before of the strength with which they battled against a disease; staving it off while an American would have been fairly cast down

by it, and would have either died or recovered. This was consolatory to us!—for Kenelm also, as was intimated at the end of the last chapter, was now, also, laid up.

But we had other sources of consolation. "All the neighbours," writes Louie, "had something consolatory to say:—

"'You 're very fortunate, sis,' said one to me, 'to lose only one sister out of six! 'Tis a wonder you didn't all die, travelling this hot season.'

"'You'd better not be so unhappy,' said another. 'You'd much better be prepared for the worst. I don't expect your father will recover.'

"'One out of thirteen!' said a third: 'it is nothing! Why I had thirteen brothers and sisters, and they are all dead except three.'

"'You must bear your loss with resignation,' said the priest. 'It is a great mercy to lose only one out of so large a family.'

"'We never expect to raise any of our children,' said Dr. Read: 'at least, till they are seven or eight years old.'

"The American maid servant we had hired

to assist us, and who, in truth, was more plague than profit, also declared her sympathy and charitable feelings for us: 'I can't tell you,' she would say to me, 'what a state my father would be in if he knew that I had come to you as a help! You understand now, sis, that I only do it out of kindness and good nature, because you're strangers and in great distress. But I wasn't born to any such thing, and I'm quite rich enough to do without working; and I wouldn't do it if it wasn't that I'm so goodnatured I can't refuse to do anything charitable to my neighbours. Ah! well now, I'm much too kind-hearted!" she would add with a sigh and throwing her eyes expressively up to heaven, as if she thought herself a perfect martyred saint. I could scarcely keep my countenance as I looked at the awkward, vulgar woman, thus asserting her gentility. Besides the hateful "Sis," with which they all (from the priest and the doctor, to the chambermaid and the waiter, addressed us, and the meaning of which we never knew) Sarah called us all by our Christian names abbreviated, as she heard us address one

another: 'Catty,' 'Lootie,' 'Aggie,' and so on. To me, she was particularly condescending. She professed a particular friendship for me; and wished me to accept a silver ring from her own finger, as a mark of her regard. This, however, I politely declined doing. She informed me that 'servant' was a term 'only fit for niggers and such folks,' and that her own father was of Dutch extraction and as good a gentleman as ours.

"One day she said to me, 'I can't think how it is, sis, that the Colonel (Harrison) is so intimate with your father. All the time I lived with them, I never saw him so with any one else. He used to have gentlemen to dinner with him; but somehow he didn't seem to like them so much, or something. *I* don't see anything different in the Colonel or in your father from the other gentlemen.' I was much too prudent to tell her what was the bond of union between two gentlemen."

My Kenelm's illness proved to be a bilious fever; and it set in very severely. He had most faith in Dr. Clippinger and sent for him. My wife and I insisted that Dr. Read should

administer some very strong doses of calomel, and then the other worked his will upon the poor boy *with Epsom salts!* His room was directly opposite mine; and his three eldest sisters took it in turns to sit up with him, that they might be ready to hand him the iced water or lemonade for which he had a craving. Lucy was soon obliged to give up her watch, and to nurse herself. She had now a bad cough, which made us fear lest her lungs should be again affected as they had been at Talence. The people of Terre Haute insisted that she had whooping-cough.

Meanwhile, the two doctors had decreed that I was to live upon "iced mucilage of gum arabic alone." It was the evening of the second day after this order had been given, and I had not tasted food since. A new remedy was now to be tried. I defy thee, reader, to guess, to imagine even what this was!

Dr. Read had long pledged himself that I should be well enough to ride out before the end of the week. In the evening of this Saturday, he would redeem his promise. He

and Colonel Harrison, with the landlord and others, helped me down stairs and to the door of the hotel. There we found the Colonel's rough-and-ready drawn by his two pretty, but young and spirited horses. I was assisted into the vehicle and placed on the seat behind; my wife sat beside me. Our kind friend took the reins: Dr. Read seated himself next to him on the front seat, to direct the way over the most harmless or beneficial ruts: and away we went! The horses were not thoroughly broken in: and during their master's illness, had not done much work: but away we went! I had, from the beginning of my illness, declared that I felt as though I had been entirely disembowelled; and I had now a large blister unhealed on the outside: but away we went!

A rough-and-ready is a flat scaffolding raised upon springs and four very slight wheels: above the scaffolding, are suspended two benches, one before the other: poles, at the four corners, support a leather awning, and leather curtains hang on rings all round. It is drawn by two horses, harnessed a-breast;

the driver sitting on the foremost of the two seats. The vehicle is what its name imports: it is most convenient—rough-and-ready.

Col. Harrison drove with the greatest care: and we had few jolts except when the horses insisted upon sweeping too sharply round accustomed corners, instead of following the beaten track in the centre of the dirt road: and I must say that I enjoyed the drive much. We turned directly into the country, avoiding altogether the town; and drove along wide roads, bounded by worm fences that enclosed magnificent crops of Indian corn just coming into ear. I never saw more teeming produce than in that rich Wabash bottom. A few oats were there; a few fields of red clover; but corn was the principal crop. I do not remember seeing any wheat. Corn is always the paying crop in the northern states of the Union: and they told me that here they grew as much as from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels an acre. We rose above the valley and drove through the primeval woods. The peeps through their openings were very pretty. We came upon a grassy terrace, at the foot of

which the blue Wabash rolled its dark waters. It was singularly wild and beautiful; and to my exhausted frame, just brought out of a sick room, the fresh air was very delightful.

We met a peasant carrying a rifle over one shoulder, and, in the other hand, a black wild turkey and a couple of squirrels. We stopped the carriage; and Dr. Read asked him to sell his game. He said it would be tender food for me, after my long fast. The poor fellow had a sick house, and could not spare us the turkey; but would sell the squirrels. These the doctor declared to be the most delicate food possible for an invalid. The man drew near with his game, and it was examined by sportsman's eyes:—

"Where had he hit the turkey?"

"With a single ball through the head."

"Why were the feathers wet?"

"He had shot it on the wing and it had fallen into the Wabash."

"How had he got it out?"

"The little black cur at his heels had swam in and fetched it."

A few cents were given for the squirrels,

and we drove on, while I remarked that they, also, were hit by a single ball through the head. I was assured that any sportsman who should hit his game anywhere else, would be disgraced among his fellows.

On our way homewards, we met another poor man carrying his gun and a lot of squirrels. The doctor apparently thought I should be hungry when I next eat, and wanted more squirrels. We had some difficulty in persuading this sportsman to spare us any. His children, also, were sick with ague and fever: but he let us have a brace reluctantly, for which he took the market value unhesitatingly. Poor fellow! he himself looked pale and fever-stricken. Still was it a blessed thing that a man should be able to go out with his rifle and bring home, to his sick family, the greatest delicacies that money could procure!—for Dr. Read insisted that the flesh of squirrels was the meat most easily digested of any. They were ugly little animals: larger than the squirrels of England, and with heads less pointed and flatter, and more like the heads of cats.

We returned home about sunset; and my poor wife, who had supported me during the drive and trembled for the consequences of this backwoodsman's remedy for internal inflammation, was overjoyed when I again lay upon my bed and declared that I felt refreshed by my excursion.

On the following morning, when I had fasted for forty-four hours, some roast squirrel was given me for breakfast; and Dr. Read came over to watch my onslaught upon the meal. He directed me what parts to select as the most wholesome. The flesh was certainly very tender; but the flavour was rather too strong for an European epicure.

That evening, our kind friend again drove me out in his carriage: but I returned overfatigued; and we determined that we would adopt no more such wild remedies.

"I now took my turn," writes Louie, "in nursing Kenelm. M. Lalumière, the priest, had lent us Miss Agnew's *Geraldine*, in the hope, I suppose, of winning some of us girls into a convent: and, with this and some books lent to us by Dr. and Mrs. Read, we had

plenty with which to amuse us, as much as we could be amused while our father was dangerously ill and our brother very seriously so. We read in Kenelm's room, as quiet and repose were considered best for his fever: but his very fever made him restless and irritable; and he wished always to talk and to be talked to. Lemonade and lumps of rough ice were what he lived upon chiefly. There was a terrace, just outside his room door, which joined our wing of the house with the opposite wing; and on this terrace, we nurses used to walk up and down in the evening, when we wanted to breathe a little fresh air after the hot atmosphere within. Another person came there every evening, for the same purpose, from the opposite side of the house. This was a beautiful young negress, called Lucy, who was lady's maid to an American young lady who was the owner of the red and green parrot which had so much annoyed us until, at mama's request, the bird's position was changed. Polly's mistress and her sister were two pretty, lively girls of from seventeen to twenty. They were both engaged to be married; and, in the

evenings, they used to ride out on horseback, accompanied by their intended husbands. They were the only two American girls we met with, more than fourteen years old, who were not married.

"But to return from this digression to 'black Lucy,' as we used to call her, to distinguish her from our own sister of the same name: she was tall and darker than any other negress I ever saw. Her teeth were beautifully regular, and of the most dazzling whiteness; and her eyes were very large, oval and black; with a soft and melancholy expression that interested us in her favour the first moment we saw her. She was always anxious to do anything she could to assist us; and she often used to take care of our two little brothers, who got very fond of her, and said they liked to be with 'back Uty,' as they called her; for neither of them could speak plain at that time. Her ideas of Christianity were too comical for me to understand or record; but Ellen had many religious discussions with her, when she could spare a few moments from her duties of nursing; for Ellen now found her-

self pretty well occupied. No one could make the toast and water so nicely for papa as Ellen; and none of us girls could fan him so well. On the other hand, Kenelm complained that no one could smooth down his pillow so comfortably as she did; and he did not like any one else to make his lemonade."

I know not how to tell, and yet gratitude and justice impel me to record the watchfulness, the toils, the menial offices so cheerfully and lovingly undergone by these dear girls and their mother. The time is not yet come when I may relate by what hostile agency they had been reduced, for a time, to a state of self-dependence in which they were able to evince capabilities and qualities undreamed of in the luxurious civilisation of the Old World; and which were here comparatively unappreciated by people who scarcely knew any other mode of existence. My danger was necessarily greater than ever, as days passed on and no amendment took place; and although I partly dressed myself and lay on the outside of the bed for some hours each day, anxious and terrifying to my wife were those long watches of the

night when she moved about the room administering medicine, or looked out of the ever-open window towards the wide, wide valley of the Mississippi, whose warm gusty winds filled her with new terror and despair. She seemed to be at a hopeless distance from every one, and every association of former years; and the very assurance given that no harm could arise to me by thus lying in a thorough draft between the open window and door until four o'clock in the morning, proved the strangeness of the climate of the unbounded continent that seemed to stretch away interminably beyond those spreading prairies. Dreadful, in those long watches of the night, dreadful were the constantly recurring terrors occasioned by every change, or even fancied change in him she watched so devotedly.

"One night," says Lucy, "mama came to me in a great fright and told me to send for Dr. Read. I had had so much difficulty before in trying to wake others, that I went myself, as Dr. Read's house was only across the little green, not a hundred yards from our door. Though every one had been in bed and asleep

sometime, I was surprised to find the door of the hotel open. They seemed to have no fear of robbers from the outside, and many of the boarders slept with their bed-room doors open, that they might have more air. One other night mama had discovered what she thought very dangerous symptoms, and instead of losing time and endeavouring to wake some one, she rushed across the common herself in her dressing gown in the middle of the night to tell the doctor the cause of her new terror. But she feared nothing for herself; no false shame in case she were seen by strangers, no dread of cold, nothing could deter her from doing, or could make her leave undone whatever might, in the least, promote papa's recovery. She did, indeed, hesitate whether she should venture to leave him for those few moments alone; but no thought of self flashed even across her. She loved with that love which 'complains not of impossibilities; when tired is not weary; and sleeping, slumbers not;' but, indeed, she never slept. She seemed to have no feeling left for herself; but treated herself as if she were a piece of mechanism incapable of human wants.

"One morning, about three o'clock, she sent Frank to fetch Dr. Read quickly; and about a quarter of an hour after, Catherine went to look after him, as neither he nor the doctor had returned. She found Frank leaning against one of the trees near Dr. Read's house.

"'Well,' said Catherine, 'what are you about here? 'Is Dr. Read coming?'

"'He says he's very sorry, but he can't let us have them.'

"'Have what? What have you been asking for?'

"'The horses.'

"'What horses?' asked Catherine in surprise.

"'The horses to go to Southampton.'

"'What can you be talking about!' Catherine exclaimed. But just then, Dr. Read came up and said, 'What does this bright youth mean? He has been asking me for horses, Miss Catherine; and he knows I've only one.' So saying, he took him by the shoulders and shook him.

"'Oh, Dr. Read,' cried Frank, 'what are you doing? I'm asleep.'

"'Indeed, I think you are, so now go to bed,' replied Dr. Read; and then, turning to Catherine, asked her what was really wanted; and returned with her to mama. She had been alarmed at some change that had come over papa's countenance.

"Thus all our care was given to our dearest father. He had been delirious at times; he had been starved, and half-starved, and allowed to eat; but nothing did him any good. Agnes said that Dr. Read could neither kill nor cure him. Mrs. Read told me she had never seen the doctor more uneasy in her life; that he was always studying different books on the treatment of this disease. She did once mention that her husband's treatment was peculiar, as every other practitioner would have begun with calomel."

It was necessary, however, that this should come to an end, one way or the other. Dr. Read had wished to cup me at the beginning of my illness; but had abstained on my delirious assertion that it would kill me. I had been blistered instead, and the blister, that had not risen, had been kept open. I was

now cupped on the same wounds, but no blood followed, notwithstanding every effort made by "cutting deeper". And here, as descriptive of American ways, I must record that the operation was performed by gashing me with a common lancet or penknife; the doctor asserting that the cupping instrument required more time than they could spare to clean it and keep it in order. I have no wish to write about myself; I would have alluded to this illness in a few words only, had it not been bound up with that of my little girl; and had I not felt it a duty to record my gratitude to my wife and daughters by recording how they nursed me. Thus, also, could I best show the state and requirements of the country, and the emigrant's risks. I will now merely add that, at length, a mixture of turpentine and castor oil was given, which seemed to produce a good effect; that I was again fasted for forty-eight hours, during which I took only toast and water, and lumps of rough ice; that after these forty-eight hours, I was given one tea spoonful of boiled rice, on which I lived for twelve hours more; and that,

having been restricted to a very small allowance of boiled rice for two days afterwards, this continued abstinence, more than any medicine, was in my opinion, humanly speaking, the proximate cause of the first abatement of the most dangerous symptoms. On the twenty-first day of Dr. Read's attendance, I began eating meat without bread or admixture of any kind, and was evidently gaining strength.

But, in the meanwhile, a change had taken place in all our plans.

"One day, I was sitting down stairs," writes Louie, "with Constable and the two babies, when Frank entered and began cutting capers all round the room.

"'Hurrah, for the old country!' he exclaimed at length, after I had repeatedly questioned him as to the cause of his delight.

"'Well! I cry hurrah for the old country too, I said; but I am afraid it will be long before we see it again. But I ask, for the hundredth time, what makes you seem so pleased?"

"'You are all going back as fast as you can; and 'Toder (*i.e.* Constable) and I are to be left

at college at Cincinnati; but are to go and see you every two years: and now I am going to Vandalia to fetch back the luggage.'

"It was now my turn," continues Louie, "to be delighted: for I longed to see Europe again; and I was heartily tired of America, where none of us had been ever well for two days together. Besides, I did not like to be treated as the inferior of every one about me, and to hear my father and mother designated as 'the man' or 'the woman', by a person who talked in the same breath of 'the gentleman who takes charge of the bar' and 'the lady who makes the pastry'."

We had, indeed, decided to return forthwith to Europe. All that we heard of the climate of North America would have terrified us for our girls and young children, and urged us to hasten back, even had we not been, also, assured, by our medical men, that they could not restore my health: that the utmost they could hope to do was to patch me up until I could reach a more congenial atmosphere. How or when we should be able to return, was, as yet, unknown: I

myself was still so near death's door that, as poor Hood said, I continued to hear the creaking of its hinges: Kenelm, though convalescent, was still confined to his sick room; and, of the others, some were daily obliged to take calomel or opium or quinine to drive off ague and fever. One thing only we had resolved on; and that was, to proceed no further away from England—no further westward. It was, therefore, desirable at once to get back the luggage which Morrison had taken on to Vandalia and had left there.

I had some doubt how to effect this.

I was told, by those in whom I could confide, that, on his return, Morrison had boasted of the trust that had been reposed in him and that he had executed:—had asserted that the luggage he had conveyed was worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. I admitted, in confidence to Colonel Harrison, that this random guess was about half true, for he had only taken on the bulkier things; and I consulted him how I could most securely get the property back to Terre Haute. He assured me that every one in the little town had heard the

report and had canvassed it; and that it was, therefore, most advisable to know something of the person who should be entrusted to fetch the goods. I own that I had some doubt whether they might be all found safe in the store room in the hotel at Vandalia, in which Morrison had left them; for Kenelm told us that the man had talked there, also, mysteriously of their value. At length, a man was recommended to me, whom I determined to send with my own horses and wagon (which had been idle for three weeks) to fetch them: and I was advised to send our boy Frank with him as some additional security. Hence had Frank been first informed of our change of plans; and been enabled to communicate it to his sister.

They started with all due authority to receive the luggage from the store at Vandalia; and on the seventh day brought it all back to us in safety. The travelling expenses of man and boy and two horses during this time were fifteen dollars: to the wagoner, I paid, as wages, one dollar a day.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRAIRIE HOTEL.

Our village.—An hotel in the backwoods.—The waiters.—The dinners.—The company.—The dandies from Cincinnati.—Mr. Bunting's household.—Anthony, the black cook.—Our daughters and the lady boarders.—A night in a hot climate.—Murder of our landlord.—Birth of a baby.—The 4th July.—A boarding school.

But it is not for the purpose of detailing domestic sickness and trials that these pages are compiled; but that, through such sorrows, I may be enabled to exhibit a state of society new and interesting: a state of society in which and by which the greatest nation in the world is forming itself. The chances which befel my family brought us into familiar contact with American market-town citizenship. No English traveller would willingly remain weeks in a small town in the back settlements of the United States to study such; none have therefore described them. Terre Haute had become to us almost "our village." Let us

describe it as we found it: we shall not see the social system of New York or Baltimore: but we shall see that which backs up those great cities; that which prevails wherever the North American pioneers have opened their way onwards across their mighty continent; and that which they are carrying with them to the yet untrodden shores of the far Pacific; where, also, it will found cities and states as populous and as important as those on the shores of our own Atlantic.

Let us first familiarise ourselves with the hotel which occupies so prominent a place in the economy of an American town; not only because many, who cannot keep servants at home, constantly board there, but, also, because it is the temporary resort of families, who betake themselves to its shelter whenever their own establishments are broken up by the unlooked-for departure of all their amiable male and female "helps". While I was confined to my sick room, our daughters had the run of the house, like the American ladies in it; and their notes will best enable me to record what they saw and did. I myself only

know that, three times a day, a large hand-bell used to pass along the corridor outside my door to call the lodgers to their meals, and that it was with the greatest difficulty that my wife could persuade them to discontinue ringing in our own passage. At length, they promised to do so; and it was not above five times out of seven that they forgot their promise and that, hearing them approach, she rushed from the room to stop the clang. I only know that, every other day, when they took the inventory of the hotel plate, a dirty waiter-boy rapped at my door and popped his head in, exclaiming, "got any spoons?" and if the amount was not easily found below, he would return again and again with the same demand—insisting we must have two or one, or whatever was the number missing. I never succeeded in catching this little blackguard by the ear, though I often tried to do so; and a regular war on the subject of these spoons was established between us: the more fool I for so irritating myself! I only know that breakfast, dinner and tea were brought to me at seven, one, and seven o'clock by my wife and

daughters; and lumps of rough ice, boiled rice and toast and water at all hours of the day and night by the same loving agency. Let us see how all this was performed:—

"Every one," writes Lucy, "was woke up in the morning by a boy walking through the passages and ringing a large hand-bell outside all the doors, for gongs had not reached thus far: and mama had to rush out to beg the boy to cease while he passed papa's door. This was at six o'clock. At half-past six, he came again, knocking at each door and calling out, 'Breakfast ready.' Mr. Bunting gave very good breakfasts.

"There were, ranged down the table and cut in slices, hot and cold bread of different sorts, including corn bread (a little of which was rather nice with plenty of molasses and butter), little seed cakes, pancakes and fritters, milk, butter buried in large lumps of ice, molasses, preserves and blackberry syrup in large soup tureens. Besides these things, there were hot beef steaks, roast and boiled chickens, and various sorts of cold meat. To drink, we had tea and coffee, and, occasionally, chocolate,

with hot, cold and iced milk, and white and brown sugar. As waiters, there were six or seven boys, the oldest of whom was sixteen, the others from eight to twelve years old, who all ran about the room barefooted, but who were, otherwise, neatly drest in white jackets and aprons. One negro man had charge of all these young gentlemen: and a difficult task he had to make them obey one whom they considered inferior to themselves. At seven o'clock, a great bell rang for the second breakfast, which was frequented by children and their attendants, and by all those who had been too late for the first breakfast, and by the landlord and his wife. At half after seven, another bell rang for the breakfast of all the servants in the house, except my friend, Anthony the black cook, who preferred breakfasting alone. The negroes and negresses eat at a different table from the white people: but whether it was that the whites would not eat with the blacks, or the blacks with the whites, I do not know; for each seemed to despise the other equally. There was no difference in the food of any from that of the first table."

"At dinner," writes Louie, "there was roast beef always, and, in general, the following dishes:—chicken pie, veal pie, beaf steaks, roast lamb, veal and mutton cutlets, boiled ham, pigeons, roast veal or roast pork. As vegetables, we had generally elderly peas and beans, hominy (a sort of dry bean resembling haricots), and potatoes. Once, we had sweet potatoes, which were red and tasted like common potatoes diseased; and, another time, we had a vegetable called squash; and always boiled ears of green Indian corn. Several times, we had soup, made of land turtles, which was good. Our sweets were generally custard pie (there are no tarts in the United States, every thing there is a "pie"), or sometimes cherry pie, squash pie, apple pie, and, occasionally, blackberry pie. Sometimes, too, we had stewed pears or roast apples. Then followed cheese and dessert; at which, latterly, there were large bowls of iced cream and water melons, which they called 'cholera bomb shells'; and, in spite of their terrific name, they were eaten with avidity. Nuts and almonds were, also, on the table.

"The tea was like the breakfast, except that, sometimes, they gave us light pastry and hot cakes.

"The meals having been thus described," continues Louie, "I may as well describe the company who partook of them. Those who had been longest in the house, sat nearest the head of the table and were served first. There were several old ladies, and the two pretty young ladies and their mama and their intended husbands. There were Colonel and Mrs. Harrison and her mother Mrs. Harrison was a pretty little woman, apparently about twenty years of age; her mother did not look ten years older; and they were very much alike. Then there were two young men; one of whom was a pork-packer,—that is to say, he had a large establishment in Cincinnati for killing and packing pork, which was exported to Europe,—and his friend, who was in some other trade. These two were here on a pleasure excursion, and thought a great deal of themselves. They talked incessantly and eat scarcely anything, and one of them was distinguished from the rest of the

company by a black coat :—all the others wore brown holland. There was, also, a Welshman, and his wife and their little boy : the husband was an engineer, and was engaged in directing the construction of some machinery for a railroad. He was obliged, on week days, to dine before the usual hour on account of his work ; but his wife, who was a tidy little vixen, and child, dined at the first table and did great justice to the dinner ; indeed, we have been sometimes afraid lest the young gentleman should burst himself. Many gentlemen also came in to dine at the *table d'hôte* from their offices in the town, amongst whom was Dr. Clippinger.

"Mr. Allen, the dandy Cincinnati pork-packer, from the beginning, displayed, by his looks, very evident admiration for our sister Ellen. His place at the table was next to her; and he was remarkably polite and attentive in handing everything to her. One evening in particular I remember Ellen and I did not go to tea till after all the rest of the party were gone. By some accident, Mr. Allen and his friend, Mr. Wight, were late also; and his

efforts to render his conversation with his friend particularly striking by its brilliancy, together with his frequent attentions to Ellen, such as, 'May I offer you the molasses?'—'I hope your father and brother are better?'—'May I trouble you for the salt?'—'Shall I call for another cup of tea for you?'—and many similar remarks amused me exceedingly; and I almost wondered at my sister's command of her countenance. Mr. Allen had a large black dog, which went about to the different people, who all fed it.

"My attention was first attracted to the pork packer by hearing some one say, on the first Sunday after our arrival, 'Why, Allen, you were not at church this morning.'

"'No. I went to hear Lalumière preach instead.'

"'Well, now: and how did you like him? I guess you didn't make much of his sermon?'

"'I don't know. I rather liked him than otherwise. I shall go and hear him again soon.'

"'For shame! You should not desert your own church.'

"'And why not, pray? I don't see why, if I prefer Mr. Lalumière's sermons, and they do me more good, I should not go to hear him. One church is as good as another, in my opinion. They were all built for the glory of God.' Hence a warm discussion arose as to the truth of Mr. Allen's assertions."

It is not every English young lady who can describe the domestic economy of an hotel in the backwoods of America. Let us see what my daughter, Lucy, says of it:—

"I will now describe Mr. Bunting's household," she writes. "There was one chambermaid, who, without assistance, made all the beds in the house, and did all the work of a chambermaid: she was a Dutchwoman, and went about the house without shoes or stockings. Mrs. Bunting had a maid for herself and her baby: this was the Scotchwoman, who had tried to make herself useful towards the end of dear Isabel's illness: but she could not do much, because her mistress was delicate and wanted her constantly. One woman was kept to make all the pastry, pancakes, etc.; and another to wash the dishes and cups and

saucers. One constant laundress was kept; and, on washing days, two others were hired in to help her. All these, except Mrs. Bunting's own maid, were, like the chambermaid, barefooted. Then there was Anthony, the black cook (Terre Haute is in a free state where no slaves are allowed); the black steward, who had charge of the six waiter boys; an Irishman, whose only work seemed to be sleeping in the bar and taking charge of the ice, and answering with rudeness when spoken to; and another Irishman, who had to bring wood to the kitchen. Such was Mr. Bunting's establishment. He, of course, never did more than carve the principal dishes at the sideboard, and sometimes hand the plates to Colonel and Mrs. Harrison and ourselves.

"When we first went to the Prairie House, the steward was a negro and kept a barber's shop in his room: but he and his master disagreed, and he left and set up a barber's shop in the town. His place was then taken by an Asiatic, who was tall and slim, with a very small head covered with jet black curly hair; not woolly hair like that of the negroes. He

had good features, and his skin was very black and glossy. Had he been a white man, every one would have said that his appearance, air and carriage were far above the place he held. Several reforms were made by this new steward; amongst them, one very good one prevented the boys from laughing and talking amongst themselves while waiting at table. He also set up a barber's shop; but on a much more magnificent scale. It is true he had the same room as the other; but he partitioned off a part of it, where he kept his scents and perfumed soaps.

"Mama or I used to go to Mr. Bunting, in the dining-room, before any one else came in, and he would cut the most tender pieces from the beef-steak or joint of beef for papa; and if, after he had cut out what he considered the best pieces, he found any better, he always changed them willingly, and did not care how much he mangled the meat for us. At other times, Anthony would take me to the great chest lined with lead, where the meat was kept amid large lumps of ice, and would choose out the best pieces to cook for papa. He

would say, 'Now look'ee here: dis is what I intend for e table by an bye; but, if missey got a fancy for it, I'll gib it you and get some more for dem.' I used to superintend the cooking of all these things; for papa liked them very much done; and Anthony used to say, 'I like to know how much good dis meat can do your fader when you give all e goodness of it to e fire: but you Englishers queer folks!'

"One day, poor Anthony cried out, rather impatiently, 'I hope all e sick folk make has teand get well: and next time dey want to be ill, dey go somewhere else, for I don't know which way to turn!' It certainly was rather embarrassing; for he was then cooking papa's steak and serving up the first breakfast, while Mrs. Bunting's maid, and black Lucy, and a black monthly nurse, and Mrs. Harrison and Ellen and I were all getting the breakfasts for our sick rooms; and the black nurse kept up a constant chatter. Ellen and I knew where everything was kept, and never troubled any one, but took what we wanted. There was a large canister of tea always in the

kitchen, from which Ellen helped herself half-a-dozen times a-day; and no objection was ever made: they only objected to our keeping two teapots or more than two teaspoons in our rooms.

"Papa was allowed to eat rice very much boiled; and it was my business to boil it. At first, black Anthony grumbled at having an extra saucepan on the fire; but before long, when he saw me coming, he would prepare a place for me and exclaim, 'See, now, I got it all ready for you. How 's your fader? he's got a good spell of it now. I don't s'pose he want to be ill again just yet awhile.' Sometimes, when the fireplace really was too full, one of us used to take the rice across to Mrs. Read's house and boil it there.

"Black Anthony had some very peculiar notions of religion, but I do not remember what they were. He used to say, when he was tired, 'Oh dear, I wish I was dead!' or 'I wish I was in heaben!' Once, on a very hot day, I heard him say, 'If it much hotter dan dis down below, I not like go dere!' He used to read his Bible and to go to church every Sunday when his work was over.

"Before I myself went to bed, I had often to cook up Dr. Read's prescription for my own cold, and to go down to the kitchen for a tub of hot water to make a mustard foot-bath. There I generally found poor Mrs. Harrison preparing the same for her husband, who was in very delicate health. Her servant boy was always gone out somewhere when he was wanted; so that she, also, was obliged to get everything herself. Imagine, if possible, the heat of the weather, and then the heat I must have felt after carrying a heavy tub of boiling water up five flights of stairs—for the kitchen was half under ground—while the steam was curling up and covering my face!"

"It was very amusing," writes Agnes, "whenever Louie, I, and the babies had occasion to go through the yard, to see two or three or more of the ladies, who were boarding in the hotel, employed in the laundry, which was a large room half under ground, with their muslin sleeves tucked up to their elbows, washing their collars, their sleeves, or their children's frocks; and to hear the great annoyance of the laundry maid, who complained

that she was hindered in her work to provide an iron for one lady and hot water for a second, while, perhaps, a third required the ironing board. We heard that once she complained to Mr. Bunting about it; and that there was a flutter amongst the ladies in consequence. She told us that he had asked if the English family troubled her at all, and that she had replied 'Oh no; they are very good!' This was true," continues Agnes; "for however expert cooks our sisters might have become, they were not yet turned into washerwomen. In return for their 'goodness,' in allowing her to wash our things instead of washing them ourselves, she would often, when it was near dinner time, and the kitchen fire was too much occupied for them to boil papa's rice or make his toast at it, make up her own fire for them, and call to them to come into the laundry to cook it there."

"Our dearest father," writes Louie, "was now getting better, and Kenelm was progressing favourably; but it was more difficult than ever to nurse him; for, as his health improved, our brother's *ennui* increased, and

he complained incessantly of the heat and of the mosquitoes. Indeed, I do not know what can be more trying than illness in such a hot climate; for besides the intense heat, the air swarms with insects of every sort. To give an idea of this, I will describe the adventures that may be expected in one night. You go into your bed-room and find it swarming with bats, locusts, beetles, mosquitoes, etc. You send as many of these out as you can; and, shutting the window, you undress and throw yourself on your bed, in the vain hope that you will soon be asleep. Before many minutes, you feel as if you were in a well-heated oven. You jump off the bed, take off the bottom sheet, and then lie down on the bare mattress; from the beginning, the pillow has been discarded. In a few minutes, the heat obliges you to change from place to place on the mattress at least twenty times; and, at last, you throw it on the ground after the pillow, and lie upon the straw paliasse. But the straw paliasse is not much cooler than the wool or hair mattress; and, as a last resource, you open the window, quite convinced that

you would rather be eaten alive by insects than suffocated. You open the window, and in rush all your old enemies again, thicker than ever. You resign yourself to the mosquitos, and listen to them,—buz! buz! buz! But presently a new enemy appears in the shape of an enormous stag beetle, and flies round and round the room; but being too heavy to remain long on the wing, every two or three minutes it tumbles down. You stand sometime in terror, when, presently, you feel something buzzing and struggling in your hair close to your face; it is the stag beetle, which has entangled itself in your hair, and does not know how to get out again!

"What follows next must depend upon the courage of the individual attacked. I can only say what my own conduct, and that of my sister, Agnes, was. I sat up in bed shaking my hair wildly, and calling to Agnes to let me out—for we slept together, and I was next the wall. She, however, hid herself under the sheet, and began screaming 'murder! murder!' at the top of her voice. Catherine and Lucy rushed in, and asked what was the matter.

They declare that they found me shaking all my hair about my shoulders, and that they could hear nothing but sobs and ejaculations of 'oh, the nasty thing! oh, oh! what shall I do!' and loud cries of 'murder! murder!' Of course, the more wildly I shook my hair, the more I entangled the beetle; but, at last, Catherine managed to make it fall out; and then we both began to laugh so much, that she thought we should laugh ourselves into hysterics; so she scolded us very vehemently, and made us lie down again in the other bed. Catherine was just leaving us, when Agnes again screamed out 'oh, murder! Lucy, you dreadful girl! you have put the beetle inside this bed!' We both sprang out, and there, in truth, was the poor beetle, which had fallen on the bed, and had been covered up unawares. Our two elder sisters, at length chased it out of the window. We closed the Venetian shutters, and Agnes again took possession of the other bed; but, this time alone; for I lay down on the floor, where I spent the remainder of the night pretty comfortably."

Lucy continues the history of the night.

"I used the mustard foot-bath," she says, "and had got into the bed that Louie and Agnes had warmed for me; and, perhaps, on account of that very warming was unable to sleep. About three o'clock in the morning, I went to the window and saw, on the sill of Mr. Bunting's bed-room window, which was opposite ours, on the other side of the yard, but on the ground floor, a head lying on its back. I could not imagine how the head could have got there, unless it were severed from the body; and, being so severed, I thought it strange that the murderer should have left it on the window sill. As the daylight increased, I distinguished in the head the features of poor Mr. Bunting himself. I was horror-stricken, and was going to alarm the house with cries of real murder, when the daylight streaming into the room, showed me a bedstead placed as near as possible to the window, with the pillow laid upon the window sill. This was evidently our landlord's plan of keeping his head cool during the summer nights; and I afterwards saw it there frequently."

"While we were in the Prairie hotel," writes

Agnes, " a baby was born. The happy mother who owned it, was a lady who had boarded for some time in the house. Its monthly nurse, who was a very fat black woman, pressed Louie and me to go and see it, as she said it was the sweetest little thing she had ever nursed. Not having formed very high anticipations as to the little stranger's beauty, we were not astonished to see an ugly little monster, as most babies are during their first day's acquaintance with this wicked world. The baby was lying on its mother's arm ; she kissed it, and said to us, ' Is it not a pretty little dear ?' As in politeness bound, we assented, and soon saying that we would not intrude longer on the mother, who was an entire stranger to us, we left the interesting apartment, followed by the nurse. Outside the door, she detained us to have a little chat. ' So you are twins,' she said, surveying us as we stood side by side : ' well now, there's not much likeness between you. My mother had twins, but they were so alike, we could scarcely tell them apart. I nursed a lady once, who had four children at a birth, and she received

the gold cup in consequence. But is not this baby a beauty?'

"The birth of this baby occasioned much interest in the house, and the room was constantly crowded with visitors; the consequence was that it was soon laid up with the whooping cough, caught from another child that had been in to kiss it. The nurse said, 'It's a good thing it has it now; because, if it dies, it will matter less now, before its mother gets too fond of it'."

While such is the recklessness of human life in the United States, well may they talk of the difficulty of "raising" their children!

"On the 4th of July," writes Lucy, "there had been grand doings at Terre Haute; as there were in every town of the United States. A procession of the school children passed the Prairie Hotel carrying flags, on which different mottoes were written. Everyone appeared in Sunday clothes. All the shops were shut; and, in the evening, there were fireworks in the town. Of these, we saw only a stray rocket or two from the window of our sitting-room. At dinner, champagne and sherry

cobler were handed round. There then dined with us several young ladies who were dressed in white with white ribbons in their hair, and who came from a large convent school called St. Mary's of the Wood, a few miles from Terre Haute. This was their greatest holiday in the year—the only day on which they were allowed, except when they went home, to pass beyond the spacious enclosure of their convent grounds. On this day, all the pupils and their teachers formed different parties and visited some place in the neighbourhood."

As I shall hereafter have to speak of the system of education in the United States, I will not now do more than record here this very strange way of keeping a holiday in a young ladies' school: in a school in which I see that the charges for each boarder, including all extras (such as French, Latin, drawing, painting, music, etc.) amount to twenty guineas a session.

I transcribe these little anecdotes, of what my children saw and did while I was confined to my room, not as being marvellous, exciting, or interesting in themselves; but because they

show, better, perhaps, than could any more ponderous argument or studied description, the state of society in the "Wild Woods" of this great country. With the same object, and in the same belief, I shall continue to quote from their memoranda; until, by God's blessing, I myself was again able to get about and to verify the reports they had brought me of what they saw and heard.

CHAPTER V.

SOCIETY ON THE WABASH.

American influences on English lads.—Flirtations.—American women.—An American wife.—An American daughter.—Education in convents.—Frank and the gunpowder.—The rough-and-ready and the hearse.—Lessons and fortune-hunting.—Mischief.—American pronunciation.—The dressmakers and our daughters.—American women again!—Confession.—A storm.

It was strange that, although neither our girls nor babies, nor any one of them, continued well for two consecutive days, the climate should have agreed perfectly well with our elder boys. Kenelm, indeed, had been smitten, for one week, with a severe bilious fever, which had left him in a state of great weakness; but neither Frank nor Constable had had an hour's illness since we landed at New York. Frank was delighted with America. The free and irregular life he led during my illness; the abundance and variety of dishes in which he revelled at will at every meal,

seemed to him characteristics of the country. His frank and easy manners, and the good temper with which he would enter into conversation with any one and every one, were agreeable to the Americans, who said he was just the lad to go a-head; and told him that they had no doubt that he would live to be president of the United States. This is the object of ambition to every American boy: a poor lad on his deathbed in these backwoods will often say, "I don't care about dying; but I should like to have had a chance of being president."

Parents may be interested to see how such a system works upon an English lad of fourteen or fifteen.

"Frank was half an American already," writes Agnes; "and was highly delighted with the idea of settling there. He declared that no sitting posture was so comfortable as swinging and balancing himself on the back legs of his chair, with his feet out of the window: and I have no doubt he would have enjoyed smoking and other American accomplishments. The next most comfortable pos-

ture of all was to sit with his feet on the table; or sideways in an arm chair with his feet thrown over the arm and resting on the back of another chair. These dispositions and positions of his were admired and encouraged by no one so much as by a certain young lady who had picked him out for conquest. Though she was only twelve years old, she was already fully initiated in the arts of flirting and coquetting; and exercised them very desperately. Her first step was to make him cultivate a taste for Burgundy pitch, in which she at last succeeded.

"During our first walk with her and another friend of hers, the young ladies were constantly chewing something, which I afterwards discovered to have been Burgundy pitch. It was always in the mouth of these two rather elegant girls, who danced and played the piano and sang very well. They, more than once, offered me some of the tempting substance; but thanking them, I politely declined their offer; and excused myself by saying that it was not yet the custom for European ladies to chew either tobacco or pitch. However, all

the young ladies at Terre Haute, and, I suppose, all over American, chew Burgundy pitch, as the gentlemen chew tobacco. When the heat of the day was over, that is between eight and nine o'clock, we used often to go over to her house for half an hour. Her mama would then ask her to sing and play on the piano; but she had never any voice until Frank added his entreaties."

"One day," writes Louie, "Agnes and I were in a room, when she tapped at the door and entered in rather an agitated state.

"'Oh, dear!' she said, turning to Agnes and throwing herself down on the nearest chair, "do you know whom I saw as I came along!'

"At that moment, Agnes was called away, and she and I were left *tête-à-tête.*

"'Well, whom did you see?' I asked.

"'Oh!...why...I saw somebody'.....

"'So I presume,' I replied coolly; for I did not admire the young lady's affected manner.

"'Dear! can't you guess?' asked she, covering her face with her pocket handkerchief.

"'Indeed I do not know whom you mean.'

"'Well, now, I guess you do know; and you only say that to teaze me!'

"'If you do not like to tell me, I will not ask you any more about it.'

"After talking about other things for a little while, she drew a little paper packet from her pocket, and, opening it, showed me a book marker, worked on cardboard, but very much prettier than one she had given Agnes the day before.

"'Guess whom it is for?' said she.

"'I have tried guessing enough for to-day; so you had better tell me,' I replied, smiling: my idea, from her manner, was that she intended it as a present to me; but, of course, I could not hazard such a guess.

"'I'll tell you,' said she, lowering her voice to a whisper; 'it's intended for your brother Frank; but I saw him at the window as I was coming here and it gave me such a turn,' she continued, sinking back in her chair, 'and I don't quite like to give it him.'

"A few days after, Frank held up his present to us in triumph."

I quote these childish reminiscences because

they appear to me characteristic of American women. The family of the young lady will laugh, as we all then did, at the remembrance of the flirtations of a boy and girl of fourteen and twelve years of age. But will any American deny that the manners of the little lady gave evidence that she would grow up all that the fondest father or husband could wish her to be? Was there not evidence of all the incipient conceit and affectation which Americans think so charming in their women? Whether it take the tone of sentimentality or indifference, the affectation is always there. The nasal whine, which Englishmen feel to be so revolting, is, I really believe, in great part, affected; the most common-place observations are thought to be rendered touching and full of meaning when drawled forth at the rate of five words an hour in that languidly-sentimental or rigidly-precise twang. I have remarked on the excessive politeness of all American men to all females, whether in the saloons of steamers or elsewhere: I have remarked upon the elegant dress of the American women: I have remarked upon the lounging and rocking-

chairs in which they rock and fan themselves incessantly: but I have not remarked upon their care of their children on those occasions; I have not remarked on any wish to inform their minds, shown by the books carried with them; I have not remarked upon any endeavour to amuse and employ their fingers with fancy work:—I have not remarked on these, because, in no saloon throughout America, did I ever see any female even momentarily employed with children, with books, or with needle work. Let it not be said that I came direct to the backwoods and had no opportunity of forming an opinion. I came by fashionable steamboats and large towns; and I so returned. I lingered at fashionable watering places. Everywhere, I saw the same listless, whining apathy: the same idleness and affectation of helpless fine-ladyism. Where an Englishwoman, of whatever class, would have had her embroidery frame or her crochet work or even her novel, the American woman, whether rich or poor, had her rocking-chair and her fan; her simper and her sigh, her whine and her finery.

From what I saw of American women at Terre Haute, I believe much of this idleness to be affected. Here, at all events, I know that they work and are obliged to work in private. The marvel to me is that American men, who are so active-minded themselves, can admire such listless apathy in the other sex. That they do admire it, is proved by the fact that the women practise it. Certainly they have every right to please themselves:—

Non equidem invideo: miror magis:—

but I believe that few English travellers, who are won by the frank, kind-hearted energy of the American men, do not turn disgusted from the lack-a-daisical conceit of their women.

The extracts I am about to transcribe should never see the light, did I not, from my heart, believe that they would raise, and deservedly raise, the subjects of them in the opinion of every reader, whether American or European: the American will recognise qualities that he always admires; the Englishman will see with pleasure how accomplished and notable, how educated and active, what a good manager and

how ladylike can be the wife of a physician on the wild shores of the Wabash:—

"Dr. Read had four children," writes Louie; "Okella, two boys, nine and four years old, and a baby. Mrs. Read was a very good sample of an American lady. She was very languishing, indolent, and affected in her manner of speaking. She spent most of the day in her white dressing gown and slippers. She spoilt her children dreadfully; and was often ashamed that we should see how little they obeyed her. She was, however, very well educated, and played on the piano very well; and she was a really kind-hearted, good-natured person, who meant to do everything for the best when she could make up her mind to leave the sofa or the rocking chair, where she spent most of her time. Okey was a clever girl. She, too, played and sang very well for her age; and she danced very nicely. In the more solid parts of her education, her mother used to complain that she was sadly wanting. But she had plenty of time before her; she was only twelve years old. She was a very nice-looking girl.

What American, I ask, would not admire such a wife and mother?

"Mrs. Read," says Lucy, who saw her less superficially than her sister, "was a nice-looking woman, and a very good sample of an American lady in the Backwoods. As was the custom, she spent the morning in a sort of dressing gown; but she wore a white instead of a coloured one, like those of the other ladies: this, to them, appeared more 'elegant' (this is a very favourite word); to us, more slovenly, if I may use such an expression. But she found such a dress necessary; for she had to wash and mend all the clothes of the four children, of her husband, and of his brother, who was visiting them. These two, she said, insisted on having a clean shirt every day; so that she had constant employment. When she washed the clothes, I do not know, unless it was before seven o'clock in the morning: for I was backwards and forwards at her house constantly from that hour until ten o'clock at night, and I always found her at needlework with a large basket of things to be made or mended at her side. Her 'help' never as-

sisted her in anything except in ironing and in taking the entire charge of the kitchen, in which, I must say, that everything was beautifully clean; from the floor to the pots and pans, which shone so that I quite grudged using them to boil my rice.

"Mrs. Read was not bringing up her daughter like a fine lady, though she had her taught all the accomplishments for which there were masters and mistresses. She played on the piano and sang very nicely; she was said to draw and sketch a little; she danced very well, and did a great number of fancy works which she was taught by the nuns at whose school she attended every day, and from which she bore away more prizes than any other girl of her age."

What Englishman, I ask, would not admire such a wife and daughter?

"The young ladies' school at Terre Haute," continues Lucy, "was adjoining the Catholic church; it was conducted by four nuns, and was attended by ninety pupils. Okey Read had won there numbers of books and patterns of fancy work as prizes for study and good conduct. Mrs. Read preferred the nuns' school

to the other, ‘ because,’ she said, ‘ at our school they let the girls do just what they like, and, at the end of a month, they are no wiser than when they began. I don’t know how those sisters manage; they make all the girls learn whatever they please, and, after school hours, they teach them all sorts of fancy work: —that’s the way Okey has learned so many; and all the girls are as fond of them as if they were their own mothers. They never meddle with their religion; but really I should not much care if they were to make my daughter a Catholic. It must be a good religion that makes them such sweet creatures. I got the Doctor to agree to let baby be baptised by M. Lalumière.’ ”

Let us return to Master Frank, with an account of whose American propensities I began this chapter.

“ A day or two after Frank’s return from Vandalia,” writes Louie, “ Catherine and I were sitting at the window of our parlour on the ground floor, when ‘ black Lucy’ put her head in and said, ‘ I tink, Missy Caterine, you better run over to Dr. Read’s shop. Your

brother been getting hisself into some mischief, I be bound; for as I pass by de shop, his face in dreadfullest state as eber I saw.' Catherine waited to hear no more. She ran over and returned, leading Frank by the hand. He was, indeed, in a deplorable condition. At first, I could not tell what was the matter. His face was covered with small black specks, and a great piece of wood was stuck on to his forehead, just over his right eye.

"'Well now, I calculate you're just done for altogether, my fine fellow,' said a man in the hall, one of Frank's acquaintances; 'a pity such a handsome chap should ruin his good looks for ever!'

"'Mind,' said the landlord, 'if you don't pick out every one of those bits of gunpowder with a needle, you'll be marked for life, as sure as my name's Bunting.'

"To these remarks, Frank paid little or no attention. As soon as he reached the parlour, he asked for a looking-glass; and, after surveying himself sometime in silent dismay, he wrung his hands and exclaimed, 'Oh! what shall I do! what shall I do! Must you tell

mama, dear Catty? Oh! what will she say? She'll be so frightened—and when she's so busy and worried too! Oh dear me! dear me!'

"'Come,' said Catherine; 'my dear boy, it's too late now to think of that;' and she led him up to papa's room. Dr. Read was there and turned him round to look at him.

"'Well, Master Frank!' he exclaimed; 'you *have* succeeded in making a beauty of yourself!'

"He then told Catherine to apply a poultice to his face to draw the gunpowder to the surface, and then to pick out each grain separately with a needle.

"When Frank was lying on the floor with his face in a poultice (looking, Agnes said, very like a plum pudding tied up in a cloth to be boiled), I asked him again how the accident had happened.

"'Why,' said Frank, 'I was passing by when Dr. Read's boy and another called me and asked me to fix up a toy cannon for them. I was leaning over the cannon and some sticks near it with the light, when the cannon went off and the gunpowder blew up into my face

with the sticks. I was standing still, not knowing what to do, when Catherine came and brought me home. But, oh dear,' he continued, 'I'm afraid I shall be marked for life:' and he added, like Paul Pry, 'I'll never do a good-natured thing again as long as I live.'

"We were all sorry for poor Frank:" continues Louie, "and, when the poultice was taken off, we all assisted, at different times, to take out the grains of gunpowder. Frank himself worked incessantly with a needle in his hand and a looking-glass on his knee. Perhaps what made his disfigurement doubly disagreeable was that, for some time, he had been able to think and talk of nothing but the charming young lady to whom I have before alluded, and who, on her part, flirted and coquetted with him as if they had both been several years older. We were much amused at the state of affairs; and, of course, Frank was mortified beyond measure at his disfigurement."*

* "Dr. Read's gunpowder has disappeared from my face for the last year or so, and beard has begun to take its place."—*Extract of a letter from Frank, dated St. Joseph's College, Ohio, 25 May,* 1854.

One evening, I was told that Frank and his younger brother, Constable, were missing at teatime. They were frequently in mischief of one kind or another, and we doubted not that such was now the case. The first, second, and third teas passed, and still I was told that they did not appear. At length, they returned; and on being questioned, said, with amiable ingenuousness, that they had seen a horse and buggy harnessed in the yard and had jumped in: that Frank had taken the reins and the horse had trotted away: that the drive was very pleasant and had led them on longer than they had thought. The owner of the buggy forgave the trick in consideration of the "spirit" shown by the young gentlemen; and prophesied that, if Frank went ahead at that rate, he would certainly live to be President.

The man was more good-natured than his college at Oxford had been to the clergyman of my parish in Lincolnshire; who, having seen a hearse at a door, just before he was ordained, jumped upon the box, seized the ribbands, and, having driven the four blacks round the town at a pace they never before

put forth, brought back the vehicle and the body to the disconsolate chief mourners at the house where he had found them. The "sucking parson" was rusticated for two years: Frank was only threatened with the loss of his tea; which the good-natured landlord, at length, "fixed up" again for him.

"The weather was very hot," writes Lucy, "and we had now nothing particular to do after we had taken up papa's and mama's breakfast; had had our own; and had made the toast and water and boiled the rice for the day; so we used all to go down stairs to the sitting-room, and one of us would take some needlework and another a book, and we would try to employ ourselves as well as the flies and mosquitoes would let us. But the weather was very hot—the thermometer was said to be at one hundred and five—and, after a little while, our heads would drop, and the work or the book would fall from our hands; and one would fancy herself upstairs fanning papa; and another would fancy herself in the kitchen cooking; and both would then wake up with a start to find our brothers lying in all direc-

tions on the floor, the two little ones on their backs, kicking at each other and at every one within reach.

"Poor Frank and Constable ought to have begun working again at their lessons for some time past; and after having been spoken to several times in vain, papa thought fit to punish them; and sent Frank up to his bedroom to study his Latin. After some time, I went up to console him and urge him to be quick and get through it, because papa had called us into his room and was reading an interesting book to us that he would like to hear. But I found Frank in a very bad way. He had his books open before him, but he had not looked at them; and he grumbled very much against the hardness of having to learn.

"'Really, Lucy, it 's too bad,' he cried, bursting into tears and laying his head on his arms which were spread over the table: 'I did all I could, when papa was ill. I've sat on the step outside the door for hours, waiting in case I might be wanted; and now, as soon as he 's a little better, the first thing he does

is to make me study! But I won't stand it much longer!' he cried in a voice of exultation. 'Look under the bed. I've only taken a change of clothes; and I don't know why I should not be able to make my fortune here as well as any one else!'

"I tried to expostulate with him: but he interrupted me.

"'I will,' he said; 'I am determined! I have often threatened to do so; but this time I will. Give me three dollars, and I'll answer for it that I can go a-head!'

"Under the bed, I saw a little bundle with which he intended to run away. I reasoned with him, but in vain: he was, for the time, immoveable. I knew his temper too well not to feel certain that, if he deferred his flight till the evening, he would not go at all: my only fear was lest he should start immediately. I kept watch to see that he did not escape; and in an hour, I went to him again. He was quite softened, and was studying his Latin steadily. He undid his bundle; and said he would wait till next time: but that he would go then, without telling anybody.

"One day," Lucy continues, "when I went over to Mrs. Read's to boil my saucer of rice, I found her in great distress. Her wet nurse had disappeared, leaving her foster-child, but taking her own, which was a wretched-looking little thing, with her. Poor Mrs. Read was afraid that her own child would be starved; for its nurse had now been gone and had been sought several hours in vain. In the evening, she returned and justified her day's absence to her mistress; saying only, 'Your baby is very well; mine is as thin as it can be, and looks as if it was going to die: so I just took it out, away into the country, to see if the air would make it better.'

"One afternoon, I found her eldest son, a boy of nine years old, wrapped in a blanket and lying on the floor. She said he had an attack of ague and fever, and seemed very anxious to get me into another room. I thought this strange; for I had seen him quite well a few hours before; and next day he was playing about as usual. 'The truth is this,' said Mrs. Read; 'I did not like telling you yesterday, because you don't seem accus-

tomed to such things; but, when I was out, my two boys got to the cupboard, where I keep all the preserves, and found a bottle of cherry brandy. I suppose they liked it, for they finished the bottle between them; and that boy that you saw was as tipsy as he could be. The other was smaller and I had been able to carry him to bed; and I threw a blanket over this one to make you think he had ague and fever.

"'Once, this boy disappeared in the morning and did not return till dark; then he said that he had been playing on a steam engine when it started and carried him with it.' I thought of the poor child at Buffalo.

"When Frank and Constable could not find any mischief to do conveniently, they used to go over to Dr. Read's shop and make his assistant weigh out ingredients which they used to make up into pills. They became very expert in the business; and made up so many that Dr. Read said he should not require more for years. He used to give them a saline draught when they went away, if they had not touched any of his other medicines."

"How is it," asked Mrs. Read's little girl of my daughters, "how is it that you do not talk English like other English people? You say Terre Haute and pronounce all your H's. Mama thinks it so strange that you should talk like Americans!"

Here was confirmation of the impression I had received from the Indianapolitan carpenter, of the origin of the American assertion, that the English language was spoken in its greatest purity in the United States. Americans do not, however, pronounce Terre Haute, or other French names as they would be pronounced in France. They will not recognise the right of a foreign language to regulate the pronunciation of towns or provinces in America, any more than they would think it necessary to throw all the proper guttural sounds into those names which are retained from the aboriginal Indians. Pronouncing the words, therefore, as if they were English, they make Terre Haute a word of four syllables, and call it Ter-ry-haut-ty. The neighbouring town of La Fayette, they call Lay-fay-et-ty. The last syllable of the word Illinois, the name of the

adjoining State, they pronounce as we should the word "noise" in English. In all this, I think they are right. Let educated people remember the origin and derivation of all these names; but the places are now essentially American; and the people should not be called upon to know them or to hear them spoken of in any other sounds than those of their own language. All names within their borders are, very properly, nationalized.

"Our mourning dresses," writes Louie, "had been made up by a dressmaker who lived at some little distance. One evening, Catherine and I walked there to fetch them home. We arrived at the cottage, and found a little girl in the kitchen. She ran up stairs to call her mother; and an ill-tempered, disagreeable-looking woman came down in a few minutes. Catherine said that we had come to fetch the dresses.

"'And where's the money?' demanded the woman abruptly.

"'If you will call at the Prairie House to-morrow morning,' replied Catherine, 'your bill shall be paid.'

"'That won't do, I guess,' observed another woman who joined us. 'Pay the money, and you shall have the dresses.'

"'I have not brought the money with me,' said my sister; 'but surely you can trust us for a single night.'

"'Who knows,' said the first woman, 'but what you may be off before the morning?'

"'We're not a-going to trust emigrant folks like you,' chimed in the second woman.

"Catherine reddened; but she smothered her anger, and said, 'We are too large a party to move so quietly that you should not hear of it. But are your people here such rogues that you suspect all travellers?'

"'No: it's different with our own folks; but folks such as you!—'

"Here the dressmaker cast a contemptuous glance at us, as if we were something far below the worthy inhabitants of Terre Haute.

"'Why, what in the world do you take us for,' said I, indignantly intruding into the conversation, 'that you think we are not as good as yourselves.'

"'I guess you think yourselves so, at least,'

said the dressmaker, eyeing me from head to foot.

"'Come,' said Catherine, who knew my rather-excitable temper, and dreaded an explosion; 'Come, my dear Louie, we must go home. Then you will bring the dresses and the bill to be paid to-morrow?' she continued, turning to the dressmaker.

"'Well now; I guess you may as well take the walk as me, seeing that I have plenty else to do.'

"'Very well,' said Catherine, quietly; 'we will bring the money to-morrow.'"

"For some minutes, we pursued our homeward walk in silence. At length, my pent-up indignation burst forth; and I abused the Americans to my heart's content. Catherine listened to me for some time. At last, she replied, with her usual calmness,

"Well, dear, we must pray that we may have the gift of patience to bear these little trials and mortifications that beset our path in life."

"My dear Catty," I exclaimed, "you, at least, need not pray for patience, however much I may want it!"

"Yes," she said; "patience and humility are the two virtues in which I am most wanting."

"Why you have not said a word against the Americans in general, nor this dressmaker in particular," I insisted.

"Perhaps not; but I have given way to impatient, proud thoughts, though not to words. Let us talk and think of something better."

"If you like. But, my dear Catherine, you are a perfect angel! If you think so ill of yourself, what must you think of me!" I asked.

"Oh, you are younger," she said, smiling; "you are only thirteen. When you are twenty years old, like me, you will be more sober."

"She turned the conversation to other matters, and we soon reached home.

"Next morning, we walked again to the dressmaker's house, accompanied by Agnes; Kenelm was ill on his bed and Frank was gone to Vandalia. After paying the bill (though the dresses had not been tried on to see if they fitted) we asked the woman to receipt it. This, however, she at once refused to do with

great indignation ; as if her honesty had been openly attacked : forgetting, or not choosing to remember, the manner in which she had suspected us the night before."

As she did not put her name to the bill, I regret that I cannot record it here, that I might so hold her up to the admiration of American citizenesses, and gibbet her in the opinion of all right-feeling readers in Europe. Here, I assert, was a genuine, vulgar American woman ; proud of having already reached a degree of competency which enabled her to look down upon and insult all emigrants whom she thought to be in search of it. Nor was she a solitary individual : she must be taken as the type of a class. Public opinion is all-powerful in America ; and no woman there would dare so to behave were she not upheld by the public opinion of her fellows. I firmly believe that, in no country in Europe, could there be found two women who, making up mourning for a family of foreigners, one of whom had died, and others of whom were dying in an hotel in their town, would so have insulted the female survivors. The European

sense of propriety, of decency, of womanhood, would revolt from it the most abandoned of her sex. Here was a genuine whining, snuffling, dressing, rocking, fanning, self-sufficient American woman. I never saw her: she knew that I was supposed to be on my death bed; but I have seen her like in petticoats in every part of the United States.

Let me add that, in asking the woman to receipt her bill, my daughter asked nothing unusual in the country. All bills made out for Americans are receipted, as in England.

"The first day," writes Lucy, "that we appeared at table dressed in mourning, the company stared us out of countenance. It was strange to them to see those in mourning who had not lost either father, mother, or husband. For no other relation, not even for grown-up children, do they put on mourning; because, they say, it is so hot and uncomfortable in their warm climate."

I was aware that French parents did not put on mourning for their children. To do so, they consider a mark of respect; and, according to their code of politeness, parents owe

no respect to their children. It seems that mourning in the backwoods is regulated by the code of self-indulgence. I should have thought that American women would have eagerly caught at any excuse for having a new dress.

"One Saturday afternoon," Lucy writes, "Catherine asked me to put on my bonnet and take a walk with her. On the way, she told me that she was going to confession. As we went into church, we observed our laundry maid: she smiled and nodded to Catherine in a very significant manner. I could not tell the meaning of it. I had often heard this poor woman speak most enthusiastically of her, and say that she was an angel and ought to be one of the sisters; and I had wondered how she could have discovered all her good qualities, as Catharine's duties did not call her much downstairs. Ellen afterwards told me that Catherine had discovered that the poor woman was a Catholic, but had much neglected her religion; and that, having set to work to bring her back to her religious duties, this was the first time she had been to confession for a

long while. This explained her mysterious nods to Catherine at the church door."

"We waited," says Louie, "for a few minutes before Mr. Lalumière made his appearance. At last, he came and made a sign to Catherine that he was ready. All the residents leave their prayer books in the pews without fear lest they should be stolen, so I took up one while she was in the confessional, to preoccupy my mind, that I might not hear what was said: for although the confessional was behind the altar, it was in the same church; and the echoes from the naked walls made it almost impossible not to overhear what passed between them. Papa afterwards asked Mr. Lalumière if American deference to public opinion made it necessary that confessions should be made in public—spoken audibly to all. Catherine did not keep me long waiting; and, as we left the church, she said to me: 'I always feel as if my dear little Isabel were watching over me from heaven. Do you not always imagine her as one of that happy train of virgins who are ever near our blessed Sa-

viour ?' And then she repeated the verses from the *Christian Calendar* :—

> "And virgins pure, from every clime,
> From every age, are there;
> Sweeter than all, their voices chime,
> Their looks more calm and fair."

"We walked into the town, where Catherine had some shopping to do; but soon met a large party who usually had tea at the hotel, walking towards it. This reminded us that it was already getting late: so we turned also and followed them home.

"One of the waiters was outside the sitting-room, closing the Venetian blinds. On our inquiring why he was doing so, he said that a storm was coming on. We could hardly believe it; for it was the evening of a fine hot day. Only one cloud was to be seen, and that a very small one. However, in a few minutes, a violent tempest came over us and almost blew the house down. This lasted for two hours, with thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain; and then it all subsided again. The sky became as clear as ever, and no traces remained of the hurricane."

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN INDIANA.

Convalescence.—Shops.—Dr. Read, M.D.—Hats off!—The night air from the lakes.—Catidids.—Our neighbours.—The emigrant's choice.—Fat pigs.—Illinois beef.—Topography of Terre Haute.—My first walk.—The gentleman tailor.—The lawsuit.—Bloomerism.—The ladies of Terre Haute.—The Catholic Church.—The preacher's mare.

By the blessing of the Almighty, and the loving nursing of my wife and children, and the care of my physician, I was now convalescent. I had, indeed, no expectation of recovering my health at Terre Haute: all that was hoped was that I might be so far "fixed up" as to bear removal to Europe. But my life was no longer in immediate danger; and I was able to make my own observations on all that I saw and heard, and to draw my own conclusions from what my children told me of the place and people amongst whom we had been detained. Dr. Read's care of me throughout (I have already expressed my gratitude for

his kindness to our little lost one) was more than professional—it was most friendly and anxious. At all hours of the day and night, he had been with me—not only without a murmur, but with evident interest in every change, or fancied change, in my state and symptoms. The eyes of the community were, in truth, upon him: but he himself appeared to think only of the English family who confided in his skill.

For Dr. Clippinger had very soon given up the case and withdrawn. It was evidently beyond him. He could not understand its long continuance, without death or recovery. "If I were a labouring man," he said, "I should get up and knock about, and be well or die." We thought of poor Mrs. Dombey, who would not "make an effort."

I have spoken of Dr. Read's "shop". I must explain that, in the United States, except in some few of the largest towns, all physicians act as surgeons; the two have the same diploma, and the two branches of the medical profession are not kept distinct. In these remote districts, the more careful physi-

cians will not entrust their prescriptions to druggists, on the quality of whose goods they cannot depend. They, therefore, keep pharmacies, and make up their own prescriptions; but without making any additional charge for the medicines. Their visits only are paid for. I know not why Dr. Read's was popularly called a "shop": all shops for the retail and sale of goods in America are called stores: perhaps, in the Back Settlements, the word "shop" designates a place where goods are *not* sold.

Dr. Read was a politician as well as a physician. I do not mean a mere bar-room, or chatting, or platform, or stump politician, as all Americans necessarily are; but the high opinion in which his talents and principles were held by his countrymen, had lately induced them to present a requisition to him to represent them in Congress. He had felt the compliment, and had been much tempted to allow himself to be put in nomination, as we should say: but prudence, and the love of his profession, had prevailed over political ambition. The eight dollars a day, paid by the

State to every member, would be but a poor compensation for the abandonment of a lucrative profession which he loved. He had recommended another gentleman for the honour which he himself reluctantly declined ; and he now watched, with intense interest, the canvassing that was being carried on throughout Vigo County, in which Terre Haute is situated.

Poor Dr. Read ! he was a thorough American, and proud of being so. Lying in bed with the door of my room open, owing to the heat of the weather, I used to hear his well-known step and the sounds which denoted that he was clearing his throat and spitting on the stairs before he entered my room. He had found out that we did not like the process to be carried on before us : and, after this preparation, he was not often obliged to have recourse to it in our presence. Then I loved the bright intelligent look with which he would enter the room, hat on head ; pause a moment, and cast an anxious glance to note if there was any apparent change in the aspect of his patient ; and then come and seat him-

self on my bed and feel my pulse. How many hours have we chatted together while he sat there! How he laboured to remove any prejudice or dislike I might have imbibed against his country, and Terre Haute in particular! He felt genuine admiration for them all and everything: I do not think he ever said a disparaging word, or would admit a disparaging opinion of any one of them. How he laboured to impress upon me the beauty of the constitution of the United States, and the truth of his own democratic principles! Then he was a classical scholar and a well-read man. English and French authors were familiar to him. He had never travelled in Europe; but he had been in most parts of the United States, and had been long in Texas. I received much pleasure and information from his conversation.

"Dr. Read," I said to him languidly one day, as he seated himself in his usual place on my bed, with hat on head; "Dr. Read, I lay awake last night trying to solve a problem to my own mind."

"Well, now, let me feel your pulse, sir. I

calculate it has not done you any harm," he added: "But what is the difficulty?"

"I cannot," I said, "realise to my own mind how you Americans manage to keep your hats on in bed."

"To keep our hats on in bed! How mean you?"

"Yes:" I answered very gravely. "Do you put a handkerchief over the crown and tie it under your chins, or how do you manage to prevent their falling off?"

"What can you mean?" he said with a puzzled look.

"I can think of no other plan," I continued. "But even then, though the handkerchief would keep them on your heads, I am puzzled to know how their rims and crowns can escape being crushed and spoiled."

"What can make you think we sleep in our hats?" he exclaimed, again feeling my pulse, and doubting whether my mind were not again wandering.

"Why," I continued with the same grave, thoughtful manner, "I never see any of you that have not your hats on your heads; and I

thought the constitution of the country, or your own, might compel you to wear them by night as well as by day."

My worthy doctor now laughed heartily: and removed his hat from his head to prove that it was not a fixture. Nay, after this, it was very often taken off suddenly, as the doubt I had expressed would flash across his mind while we chatted together on the bed.

I was obliged to have milk, in rice or tea, several times during the twenty-four hours, and it was very difficult to prevent it from turning sour, owing to the heat of the weather. Many of our neighbours, on the outskirts of the town, kept a cow for the use of their own families; and I must record, with thankfulness, how they vied with one another in placing the new milk at our disposal. But as the morning's milk would turn sour before the evening, we found, gradually, that it was not convenient to them that we should send for milk between milking times: every dairy-woman knows that such irregular milking ruins the cow. Dr. and Mrs. Read thought of no such loss: at any and every hour, their cow

was at our disposal; and the poor beast knew no rest from milking-time while we were at Terre Haute.

And now we were able to dismiss the man whom we had latterly succeeded in bribing to lie in the great dancing saloon, near my bedroom, that he might be within call if wanted to fetch the doctor at night. It had been necessary to find some one to undertake this duty; for our children were knocked up; and the Irish porter, who professed to watch in the hall at night, could hardly be persuaded by my wife to come and shut a window for her in a case of emergency; much less to cross the green to call Dr. Read. The difficulty we experienced in finding either man or boy who, for any amount of wages, would pass the night on a sofa, and so hold himself in readiness to go one hundred yards if wanted, is only recorded to prove how independent all people in this country are of want; and how little need they have to earn their living in a manner they themselves do not prefer.

My bed used to be drawn out into the centre of the room, in the full current of air

between the open window and door; and so we used to spend the nights. At three or four o'clock in the morning only, were we instructed to shut the window; as the air from the lakes was not then considered wholesome. I was much amused by the constant reference I heard to the air of these lakes; the nearest of which, Lake Michigan, was two hundred miles distant. In America, the atmosphere seems to be as independent of distance as the inhabitants. In England, we should not think that a sea breeze, or the foul air of a bog two hundred miles off, could do us much good or harm!

I was lying awake one night, when, by the light of the wax light that we kept continually burning, I saw a little hare come into my bedroom and run about it. The pretty little thing jumped up the walls in the corners, and played about for a long while before it found its way out again at the door. This, indeed, seemed strong evidence that we were in the backwoods; since the wild animals of the forest came and played about in our bedroom! I had fancied some very pretty conceits on the

subject: they all came to nought, when I discovered, next morning, that a lodger in the hotel had, like Cowper, two tame hares, and that one of them had escaped the night before.

The skyscape, through this open window, used to be very beautiful. Nowhere have I seen such heavy masses of cloud so magnificiently coloured as were here lit up, in varied hues, by the setting sun. A refreshing breeze which had sprung up "from the lakes" at about three o'clock, generally blew them away soon after sunset, and left the deep blue sky spangled with brightest stars. If any clouds remained, they shot out the most brilliant sheet lightning for hours, and illumined the sky with more glorious flashes than I have ever known from the summer heat-lightning in Italy.

The air, throughout the evening, was vocal with the chirruping of a species of large grasshopper, as noisy as the frogs of Talence, though more musical. The natives called them "Catidids"; and insisted that that was the word they incessantly uttered, and the only word they spoke, until some querulous fellow amongst them would loudly cry out

"Catidid'nt!" We used often to listen, amused, to the sounds; and sure enough, "Catidid!" "Catidid!" "Catidid!" they seemed to cry: "Catidid!" "Catidid!" "Catidid'nt!" "Catidid'nt!" replied a thousand voices. It was very pretty: —much prettier than

"The shrill cicala, people of the pine,"

and more poetical: for there is more poetry in the thought of the vast untrodden, unmeasured wildernesses of America, than in all the historic reminiscences of the Old World.

The occupant of the bedroom next to mine was a neat-looking little woman, who had a baby about a year old. She used greatly to annoy me by singing her child to sleep: she usually began singing an hour before every meal, in the hope that she would be able to leave her child in the cradle while she herself went to the eating room. At times, when the child would not go to sleep, she was heard to beat it severely. In this, she was an exception to the conduct of most American mothers, who spoil their children, and keep them in such little control, that they are the nuisance of every society into which they are intruded.

The room next to her was occupied by a Welshman, and his wife, and child. He was the engineer to whom I have before alluded. He called on me, one Sunday, and brought me a lot of *Illustrated London News* papers. He was a well-behaved and intelligent man—blessing the day when he first came out to the United States. It is true, all his children had died except one; but he and his wife, and that child, if it should live, and any more that might be born to them, were now beyond the reach of want, and could have no fears for the future. This feeling, which was evident, though it was not spoken, was justifiable; it was even praiseworthy: he had removed his family from a state of comparative destitution to one of comparative wealth: had he stayed on in the old country, all might have lived, but all would have been beggars; by emigrating with them, he had secured their worldly prosperity: life and death were in the hand of the Lord: those who died were provided for; better so, than that they should have lived and starved. He had fulfilled his duty as a prudent father, and had left the rest to heaven. This

seems to be the emigrant's mode of reasoning. I am afraid, however, that I wished the young gentleman in question, the survivor of the family, had followed his brothers and sisters to the other world. He was very ill of the whooping cough; and used to run about the passages and the terraces between the ladies' saloon and his mother's bedroom, and endeavour to attach himself to my little boys. He had already intruded into the room of the lying-in woman, and imparted his cough to the new-born baby. My first exploit, as soon as I had somewhat recovered the use of my legs, was to stagger out into the passage by the help of a thick walking stick. There I found Master Jonathan Taffy playing with my four-year-old boy. He had never seen me before, and stared at me, mute and immovable; as though he thought I had risen from the dead to seize him. I took him quietly by one hand; and, without saying a word, led him to his mother's open room. "Will you have the kindness," I said, "to keep this child either in your own room or in the ladies saloon. My family cannot go into the ladies sitting-room

because your child had possession of it before we arrived; but pray do not allow him to occupy the terrace and all the passages in the house; as we should be very sorry to be detained here by a fresh illness." The child began to roar: the woman was very indignant. I saw no more of the Welsh engineer.

I have already remarked on the American disregard of life, and, more than all, of infant life. One day, when Dr. Read was sitting with us, we saw, from the open window, his own little boy, about four years old, playing on the green with a large hatchet. We pointed it out to the father, and urged him to go and take from his child so dangerous a plaything.

"Well now, I guess, if I did, he would find something else perhaps worse. You know that, the other day, he had got the cannon and gunpowder that your master Frank blew himself up with. It is impossible to be always looking after them. They must take their chance."

So say I, also; in such a country, it were impossible to find nurses and helps to watch

over them: and the necessity of the case brings its own philosophy to parents.

Mention has been made of the beef which I had, at length, been allowed to eat. Unmixed with bread or any other food, the diet was found to agree with me. But I must not let it be supposed that I was ogre enough to swallow the great plattersful of steak that were brought to me. My instructions were to chew the meat and swallow only the juice. This I used to do; and to throw the refuse, out of my ever-open window, to the common below. But there were two pigs who were in the habit of "snuggling" about the common; they were very lean pigs: they soon discovered that unusually-savoury morsels were to be picked up under my window: they were very lean pigs: I think I see them now—coarse, ill-bred pigs they were, with long black and red bristles: they soon ascertained my dinner hour: they were very lean pigs: they soon attended regularly at my dinner hour, and at my supper hour, and at my breakfast hour. They were no longer so lean as they had been when

they came by chance upon the first savoury bit cast out from my window.

We have heard of prisoners striking up a sentimental friendship for a spider. I took a great interest in watching the condition of my two pigs.

All the beef here comes from Illinois State, and is most excellent. I never tasted any better. It is not overloaded with fat and tallow: it is not diseased with its own obesity, like the meat we kill in England to prevent it dying of suffocation; but it is tender, wholesome, grass-fed meat, in good condition. Grass and prairie-fed, it never tastes oil-cake, and never tastes any corn; unless when, about to be finished off for market, the grazier buys a whole field of Indian corn, and turns his drove into it to harvest and consume it at their pleasure on the ground.

A great trade has been lately established to supply the markets of Philadelphia, New York, and other eastern towns with cattle from the Far Western States.

I was now about to become personally acquainted with the town of Terre Haute—

which I had, as yet, only known by the reports brought by my children. Agnes describes it as follows:—"It received its name," she writes, "from the French, as it was originally a French settlement. Prairie House was situated at the entrance of the town, on one side of the National Road, and was separated from the town by a common. It did not stand alone, however; as Dr. Read's house was very near on the opposite side of the road and of a little green. This, to us, was a most fortunate circumstance; as it would not have been quite so pleasant to our elder sisters to have had to carry a saucepan of rice into the town itself to be boiled: for besides that their own natural feelings might have revolted against being looked upon as the little girls that ran errands for the cook, as well as being apprenticed to the various other trades to which, in turn, they appeared to belong—a more distant walk would certainly have cooled the rice; and this would have been still more objectionable. Dr. Read's living so near was, also, a great convenience in all the midnight walks that were so often taken to his house by different members

of the family. There was, also, a cluster of other houses or villas in the neighbourhood, that belonged to the more wealthy of the inhabitants. But, from the hotel to the town, there was a very disagreeable, hot walk in the sun, for it was not bordered by trees. At the end of it, began the High Street of the town, which was lined on each side with stores. Then there was a square on the left-hand side, where trees shaded the pavement all round from the broiling sun above. On one side of this square, was the other hotel of the town, 'Browne's House', which we had not known of when we arrived. It was considered to be more noisy and frequented than the Prairie House; but we, of course, could not move to it; and being perfectly satisfied with the one where we were, we did not wish to do so. We were much quieter than we could have been in the centre of the town."

Having now been confined exactly four weeks to my bedroom, I, at length, managed to get downstairs to our children's sitting-room; and after a short rest there, and with the help of my stout stick and my wife's arm,

I then tottered across the little green in front of the hotel and paid my first visit to Dr. Read. His was a comfortable little house, in a garden embowered in trees; and he and Mrs. Read seemed truly glad to see me out again. I sat here for some time. The church and the graveyard were, as yet, beyond my reach; and my kind doctor supported me back to my hotel. This day, my wife tasted meat for the first time since my illness; during one fortnight of which she had lived upon tea, with less than one ounce of bread in each twenty-four hours.

Amongst many other fossil remains found in the valley of the Wabash, Dr. Read showed me what he asserted to be the carnivorous wisdom-tooth of the mastodon: he said that he had weighed this against the wisdom-tooth of a common cow, and found it to be two hundred and fifty times heavier than the latter. If the size of the whole animal was proportioned to its tooth, these were a goodly race of beasts with which to stock the wide prairies of the Far West!

A tailor had been recommended to me and

had taken my measure for a coat. On my return from my first walk, I was lying on my bed, when there was a knock at my door. It was opened by my little daughter, Agnes; who said: "Papa; a gentleman wants to see you."

"Who is he?" I asked.

She inquired of the waiter-boy, and replied: "A gentleman who has brought your coat."

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed; "why could you not say the tailor!"

"I repeated what the waiter told me," she afterwards said; "but you know they are all gentlemen in America."

The tailor entered, looking as black as thunder: he had been just outside my room door, and had heard all that had passed between me and my child.

We tried on the coat; it was so small that I could hardly get my arms into it. I pointed this out to him, and told him that he must either alter it or make me a bigger one. He would neither do the one nor the other. The coat, he declared, was a dress coat, and a perfect fit according to the last Paris fashion; and he required immediate payment for it. This,

of course, I refused. He threw the coat on a sofa and went his way.

The next day was Sunday. On Monday morning, I was in our parlour below, when an elderly man entered and presented to me a slip of paper, which he said was a writ. I refused to take it, not knowing what might be the usages of the country. He put his spectacles on his nose, and read to me what purported to be a writ at the suit of D. Hartsock (such was the name of the "gentleman" tailor), summoning me before somebody for non-payment of twenty dollars for a coat. The bailiff was very civil, and explained to me that I had better attend to it. I called in my landlord and my doctor, and the latter brought a lawyer, and we had a grand consultation. From all that I could gather, it appeared that an unfriended emigrant would have about the same chance before one of the petty justices who try such cases in the backwoods, as a notorious poacher would have before a sporting magistrate in England. There were half a score of these justices; and one or two of them were said to be fair men. The one before whom I

was summoned was not one of these:—doubtless he was a friend of Mr. D. Hartsock. I was told that we might change the name and appear before another; but who, said my lawyer, could prove that the coat was not made according to some new Paris fashion? True, I could hardly get into it; but who was there, at Terre Haute, who could give evidence that the French did not now wear such tight fits? It seemed to be a very doubtful case.

I broke up the council and requested my friend, Colonel Harrison, to come to my room. He saw, at once, that the coat was not wearable; but, like a sensible man, advised measures of peace. He went himself to "gentleman" Hartsock; and spoke him fair: what was the "soft sawder" he employed, I do not know; but the result was that the scoundrel consented to enlarge the coat (for which he said there was plenty of cloth inside), and to withdraw his writ and pay the expenses he had incurred.

All my friends told me that, if I had time to wait a proper trial, there was no doubt that the result would be favourable to me:—but

that such trial must not take place before the petty justices of Terre Haute: that few, indeed, paid any attention to writs to appear before them; but required their causes to be carried, at once, before a higher tribunal. The tailor knew that I could not spare time to await or seek real justice, and had acted on his small roguish nature. I think some one told me that he was about to be married to the woman who had made my daughter's dresses. There was certainly sympathy between them.

All, however, had very much marvelled what could have so ruffled D. Hartsock's ninth portion of manhood. When it was explained to them how he had overheard me question even his title to that fraction of a "gentleman", they admitted the provocation at once; and excused the poor fellow's attempt to apply salve to his wounded feelings.

As I am now writing on the subject of dress and manhood, I may here introduce a few words on the subject of Bloomerism which, in Europe, was supposed, at this time, to engross all the tailoring mind of the United States.

It is now almost forgotten that a new costume, for the female sex, had been proposed by some farmer's wife in America; and that as the principal change consisted in the substitution of trowsers for petticoats, many, whose avocations called them to the fields, had rejoiced in the prospect of getting rid of their draggled skirts. Many writers of newspapers, whose imaginations represented to them pretty ankles peeping from loose Turkish trowsers, also delighted in the idea of the proposed new costume. A Mrs. Bloomer, a writer in a provincial American newspaper, recommended it so warmly, that it was supposed she had invented the costume, and they called it by her name. Many writers published opinions for and against it; some recommended the change for the excellent reasons for which it was said to have been first proposed; some objected to it as unfeminine, and laughed at it as theatrical. Before I landed in America, I had expected to find half the females avowedly and openly wearing those breeches which they manage to wear, unseen, in all countries; and the press in America itself still teemed with

articles for and against Bloomerism. In one newspaper, I had read a story recounting how the mother of a numerous progeny of sons and daughters had gone to sleep for a couple of years and, waking up, had found all her daughters transformed into men; and her sons, that some difference might exist in the attire of the different sexes, wearing the cast-off petticoats of their sisters:—the daughters chewing tobacco, and the sons Burgundy pitch. Imagine, therefore, my surprise that, during my stay in New York, I should only have seen two women, and these apparently not over-respectable, wearing the Bloomer costume! Two I did see; but they were so followed and laughed at by the boys, that they were obliged to take refuge in a hack carriage. Since then, I had not come across a single Bloomer in all my travels through the United States.

Now it seems that the good ladies of Terre Haute were as anxious, as any editor of them all, to see themselves in the new costume, and to decide whether it was as becoming as it was represented to be. About a score of them agreed to have dresses made according to the

new pattern ; and these were privately sent to Mrs. Read's house, that they might dress themselves there, and together judge of one another's charms. The arrangements were made with much mystery. Mrs. Read was to give a party, but the initiated ladies only were to be invited. On no account, was a pair of male trowsers to be admitted.

The ladies met. Twenty pair of feet, cased in the smallest possible shoes, attached to twenty ankles decked in the finest possible silk stockings, peeped from under twenty pair of the largest possible Turkish trowsers ; twenty party-coloured polkas, waistcoats and jackets (such as Englishwomen wore at the time—male attire applied to the upper woman instead of to the lower) girt in twenty as small waists and as swelling busts as Terre Haute could furnish. They were all in high glee, and pirouetted and turned one another about admiringly :—half regretting that they had so rigorously excluded everyone of the male sex. The door opened, and Dr. Read slowly walked in. Twenty screams uprose from twenty blushing throats.

"Ladies," said the doctor sententiously, "it is impossible that you should be judges in your own cause. Surely gentlemen should be admitted to say how the new dress affects them. Well now, but you are, indeed, fixed up! I guess I was everlasting lucky to come in by chance and see you all! How all my friends will envy me!"

The screams and the pirouettes were redoubled. The forty shoes, the forty stockings, the twenty Turkish trowsers, ran and skipped about the room—some hiding themselves in the folds of window curtains, some crouching behind the backs of sofas—till Mrs. Read kindly pointed the way into her own bedroom. They all betook themselves there and double-locked the door; while the doctor came over to the hotel, and told us what sport he had had.

Mention has often been made of Mr. Lalumière, the good Catholic priest of Terre Haute. He was a mild, gentlemanly-mannered man; a Frenchman, I believe, by birth, or of French extraction, but educated in America, and a citizen at heart. He was respected in the

town, and lived on good terms with every one, of whatsoever creed. The Protestants, of every denomination, were the principal supporters of his church; his own congregation being poor. In his garden, he told me, was a great bell waiting for a belfry to hang it in; and the Protestants had promised to build him a belfry if he would put up a good town clock in it for the use of all. The clock was on its road to Terre Haute; and it was hoped by all that bell and clock would both be mounted before long.

Four nuns, I know not of what order, lived in a house adjoining the church, and took in day scholars, such as Miss Read. The people of the town had been long anxious to have Sisters of Mercy settled amongst them; and had engaged to build them a house and to provide for them so soon as the priest could procure them. These shrewd Protestant calculators were so convinced of the good effected by that sisterhood, that, without reference to differences of religious belief, they were prepared to welcome and support them. Will it be said that they were indifferent to all religion? if so, why were there five times as

many churches, of various denominations, built and supported by voluntary contribution in Terre Haute, as are to be found in any town of the same size in England?

Whatever may be the effects of the voluntary principle, it certainly does not produce indifference to religion. Men prize what they pay for; and pay for what they prize. No neighbourhood or sect of religionists will allow another neighbourhood or another sect of religionists to possess a luxury which they do not afford to themselves. The possession of a church and of a preacher is a luxury—a badge of respectability; and mere worldly prudence and respect for worldly character will prompt each one to secure for himself what his neighbour has secured. Here, he knows that, if he does not do it for himself, no one else will do it for him; and though religious zeal may not be even the principal motive to religious expenditure, I cannot doubt but that religion and the souls of the speculating or ambitious citizens are benefited by the outlay. I am inclined to apply, to this case also, the proverb, "Aide toi, et le ceil t'aidera."

No feeling of personal or sectarian ambition can, however, prompt these contributions to the Catholic churches. Why, then, are they made? Not only from a general feeling of liberality, but because it is believed that Catholics will make better citizens the more they are able to follow up their religion: and all find the Catholic clergy and Catholic monks and nuns to be the best instructors of their youth. Why do you impose police rates on yourselves in England?

Let it be remembered that here is no wealthy domineering establishment which it is the common interest of the majority to destroy, coupled with a dread lest the Catholics should seek to take its place. None here have such a fear, and none here are interested in simulating or in propagating it. Here, all have a fair field and no favour: and, consequently, all live in harmony and goodwill. No man is obliged to support what he believes to be another man's error.

"Pray, Mr. Slick," some one asks the Clockmaker, "what are you?"

"I guess I knew very well that he meant

to ask me what preacher I sat under; but that was no affair of his, and I replied—Me? I'm a clockmaker."

Those who think that the religious principle cannot maintain itself in a country where every other kind of property is doubled and trebled in value every year or two, would imply that religion has no real capital on which, and by which to establish itself. Believers in the truth of religion assert that it has that real capital; and that, unless hampered by protective laws, it will be profitably worked by each one conscious of the wants and of the aspirations within himself, or by the clergy who are ever anxious to find some means of touching the heart of each. A settlement, for example, had been made, some few years ago, a little to the west of this State; and I was told that the new settlers appeared to have left every religious principle behind them, and to be almost heathens. In our own country, they would have been taxed and coaxed to build a church; and ten per cent. of the produce of their fields would have been alloted to support a religious teacher. Would this have

tended to make them love his doctrines? I think not. But although no such system could be attempted here, they were not entirely deserted. An itinerent preacher happened to pass through the neighbourhood; and, observing the dearth of religion, set about converting the people in good earnest. His success was poor. Not more than half a dozen could be got together at his Sunday meetings. Did he forsake them on this account? Not a bit of it! Determined to create an interest, he had handbills printed and posted, in every conspicuous place in the district, to the following effect:

"RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Rev. Mr. Blaney will preach next Sunday, in Dempsey's Grove, at ten o'clock, A.M., and at four o'clock, P.M., Providence permitting. Between the services, the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region for a purse of one hundred dollars."

This had the desired effect. People flocked from all quarters; and the anxiety to see the singular preacher was even greater than the interest excited by the challenge. He preached

an elegant sermon in the morning; and, after dinner, he brought out his mare for the race. The purse was made up by five or six of the planters, and an opposing nag produced. The preacher rode his little sorrel; and, amid the deafening shouts, screams, and yells of the delighted people, the preacher won the day. Of course, they all remained for the afternoon service; and, at its close, more than two hundred joined him, and urged him to open a church amongst them; some from motives of sincerity; some for the novelty of the thing; some from excitement; and some because the preacher was a good fellow. The result of the affair was, however, as flourishing a religious society as any in Kentucky or Arkansas.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ELECTION.

Difficulties of travel.—Bridge over the Wabash.—A finger-post.—A portable house.—Colonel Harrison.—An Indiana country house.—Dining out.—Wine on the Wabash.—The election.—Vote by ballot.—The Emperor of the French.—Election of judges by universal suffrage and vote by ballot.—The candidates.—The voting paper.—The ballot-box.—Poor voters and liberals in England.—Physicians' fees.—Inducements to remain in the backwoods.—Farewell visits.—The graveyard.

We had resolved to return immediately to Europe; but the difficulty was, how to get there. I was told, and I felt, that I could not bear land carriage; and here we were eleven hundred miles from the sea of New York, and fifteen hundred from that of New Orleans. It was, also, considered necessary that I should rest and reside some little while in a cooler and more bracing climate before undertaking the whole of the journey to New York, or the sea voyage beyond. The island of Mackinaw, between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, was much recommended to me. The climate

was said to be cool in the hottest weather; the scenery beautiful; the accommodation excellent. We were much tempted by Colonel Harrison, who intended visiting the same place for the recovery of his own health, to get some light carriage and drive to Chicago or Michigan City on the lake of that name, and there take steamer to Michilimackinaw; but we feared the jolting of the cross roads, and prudence prevailed. There was a canal which united the Ohio River with Lake Erie. Running beside the Wabash to the shore of the Meaumee River, it passed through Terre Haute. Steamers, indeed, from the Ohio ascended the Wabash to Terre Haute and beyond, in the winter; but the waters were now getting too low for them. We were advised to go by the Wabash and Erie canal boats, which would carry us a distance of three hundred and twenty miles, and deliver us at Toledo on Lake Erie in somewhat less than five days and nights.

The prospect of such a journey was not cheering. True, that the line of the Wabash was not remarkably healthy. True, that the

line of the Meaumee River, which the canal next followed, was notoriously infested with ague and fever; true, that the little village of Fort Wayne, like many others on that line, which we should have to pass, was known to consume at least four hundred ounces of quinine in every season:—but no other route was available to us; and we resolved to entrust ourselves to the mosquitoes and to the fevers and agues of the Wabash and Erie canal.

Not that it ought to have been such a difficult matter to arrive at the most choice climates and cities of Europe, if one could believe the direction-posts on every roadside! I had been shopping and strolling along the high street of Terre Haute with my wife, and had caught a glimpse of the blue Wabash at the end of the street. We went down its bank, and found a bridge of boats, which the toll-keeper civilly invited us to walk on. We crossed the beautiful river, which here rolled rapidly onwards, as if purposely speeding to join the Ohio, and the father of rivers, great Mississippi, and then to lose itself in the far gulf of Mexico. At the other end of the

bridge, a forest of large trees grew down to the water edge ; and many roads diverged from the bridge-head amongst them, seeking out the hardest bottom, or the highest levels for times of inundation; and avoiding the pools and swamps which still lingered around. It was a beautifully wild, but dreary scene ; and the different wheel-tracks looked as if they could only lead into the same interminable forest. Not so, however: speculation and competition were at work even here. At the entrance to one of the roads that branched off to the right, arose a finger-post on which was written in large red letters, the following inscription :

"To Hannibal Ferry 200 miles ; direct route to North Western Missouri, Iowa, Oregon, California, by Paris, Springfield, Jacksonville, or Philip's Ferry, Florence, Naples and Grigsville. Look at the map, and she will carry 100 head of cattle at a load."

How gladly would we have gone as easily to Paris, Naples, or Florence! But not *via* Jacksonville and Grigsville, and Hannibal Ferry over the Mississippi ; but not *via* Iowa,

Oregon, or California! We resolved that the proposed route would not do for us; and re-crossed the deep, green Wabash.

On our way back to the Prairie Hotel, we passed a house upon its travels: whether it was going to Naples or to California, I know not. It was a complete frame-house. It was lying upon rollers, and was being pushed with levers and drawn by a couple of horses adown the street towards the Wabash.

Colonel Harrison and his family had now, for some time, left the Prairie Hotel, and returned to reside in their own house, about five miles from Terre Haute. They had kindly pressed us to go and spend the day with them; and my wife and I had accepted the invitation. I own that I was very curious to see what could be the country establishment of a native American gentleman in the back woods of a free state. The family of our friend had branched-off from the English stock about the time of our Charles the Second, and had, ever since, remained in the colonies. His grandfather, General Harrison, had been a distinguished commander, and had been, as I have

already said, President of the United States. The colonel himself was a very good-looking, gentlemanly young man of from twenty-five to thirty years of age. He had been educated at the military college at West Point, and had served through the Mexican campaign. On the proclamation of peace, he had retired from the army; had been made a colonel in the Indiana militia, and had turned lawyer until more stirring times should open to him again the military career. I know not how great may have been his practice in his new profession: he certainly had an office in Terre Haute; but I suspect he was not often in it. I believe he had a partner; but he still considered himself a military man. His health was very delicate.

About midday, he drove to the door of the hotel, and we took our places in his rough-and-ready behind his spirited little horses. I was certainly much stronger than I had been three weeks before, when he first kindly drove me out under the direction of the doctor: but even now, my sensations convinced me that I had quite prudently decided to avoid any home-

ward travel by land. We drove through a partly-cleared and cultivated country, and gradually rose somewhat higher amid the woods. At length, we entered a lane which looked like an avenue cut through the original forests; and soon stopped at a gate at the bottom of a little lawn. A respectable, square, red brick house stood on an elevation somewhat within. The underwood was cleared away beneath the forest around, that was thus formed into paddocks that had something of a park-like appearance. The place was only rented by the present occupier, who expected to inherit property in Ohio State; and it was, therefore, in such order as comported with the ideas of a non-resident proprietor, and of one who wished to sell it.

We were led, by our host, into a couple of well-proportioned and nicely-furnished sitting-rooms, opening the one into the other; and here we chatted pleasantly for nearly an hour. Neither Mrs. Harrison nor her mother made their appearance; nor was any reason given for their absence. At length, they both came in and greeted us kindly. I observed that the

face of our pretty hostess was rather red: but they told us that dinner was ready, and we all passed immediately into the dining-room.

Sure enough, dinner was there laid out; and there we eat it; and there we waited upon ourselves; and there we were told that it had been entirely cooked and served by our elegant hostesses! After the appointment had been made with us, all their "helps" had suddenly left them to help themselves. Some plans of pleasure, pique, or hope of bettering themselves, had led them to depart without notice, according to the fashion of the country. Days might elapse before they would be able to find others to take the vacated places; and they would not defer our visit for so usual an occurrence.

I thought of Colonel Drake's boast at Indianapolis—that his wife had never been reduced to cook her own dinner; and I recommended Mrs. Harrison to become a Catholic that she might meet with similar consideration from the Irish emigrant helps. At Indianapolis, I had scarcely credited the possibility of such a chance. I little foresaw how soon I

should be an actor in one. But we joked and chatted, and eat our dinner and waited upon one another; and, I have no doubt, enjoyed it much more than we should have done had two or three awkward helps been there to watch us.

From the beginning of my illness, it had been a question between me and Dr. Read what I should drink. At the commencement, he had given me brandy and water; and since my convalescence, he wished me, if I drank anything, to confine myself to whisky. A Frenchman had opened a wine store at Terre Haute, and had some very fair wine: it might be so, Dr. Read said; but wine was a novelty in that country, of the composition or effects of which he knew nothing. Beer was, also, made there by some German emigrants; and it might, possibly, be harmless; but whisky was the almost-natural growth of the country; they knew its nature; they drank it or brandy and water, if they drank anything. And, in short, the doctor did not like for me to take anything else. In vain, the poor French merchant sent one bottle after another to be tried: Dr. Read and my wife tried them all with

soda, and thought they convicted them of being acid because they fizzed! The American whisky, however, is much stronger than the British; and without having the smoky taste of the Scotch, is more disagreeable. It costs next to nothing, as Irish emigrants find out to their destruction. Scotch whisky costs one dollar a quart—the same as brandy.

After dinner, our host and I left the ladies in their dressing-room, and retired into another sitting-room; where my friend lighted his cigar and entertained me with the history of his Mexican campaign, while I surprised him with my account of our ways of living in the old country. I had already arrived at the conclusion that America was the best place in the world in which to make money; but that a married man, who had even four hundred pounds a-year to spend, would be able to enjoy life infinitely more in any part of Europe than in America. Colonel Harrison was more than ordinarily interested in the country of his great Cromwellian ancestor; and led me to hope that, at some time or other, he would pay us a short visit and become acquainted

with it. After tea, we again mounted his rough-and-ready. The boy who brought it to the door was the only one remaining of his establishment: and I prophesied to his master that he would soon have to groom his own horses. In the cool of the evening, we had a pleasant drive back to the Prairie House.

Next morning, the colonel's groom-boy came and offered his services to Mr. Bunting, and was eagerly engaged as a waiter: and, a few hours afterwards, Colonel Harrison and his ladies arrived and again took up their quarters in the hotel until they could find other servants.

Such is country life in the Western States.

Meanwhile the preparations for the election had been going on with as much excitement and canvassing as could have occurred in England. Meetings were held almost every evening, and much eloquence was expended in fiery speeches. There was no treating or bribery, for as the votes were to be given by ballot, no prudent candidate would have spent money for what, after all, might be given against him without his knowledge: for the same reason,

intimidation was out of the question, since none avowed their opinions but those who could afford to stand by them. As it was known that every man might speak for and promise one candidate and vote for another, promises and professions could have no other value than attached to the character of him who should make them. In England, we hear various schemes propounded by which, in the opinion of those hostile to the ballot, its effect might be defeated: these clever schemers know nothing of the working of the system. The grand subterfuge of all, by which they would make the candidate promise payment in case he was elected, might, indeed, be made effectual in a close corporation; but were an absurdity if applied to a numerous constituency. The bribed voter would have to be bribed upon a contingency: and these promises to pay upon a contingency would require so much honour in the briber and the bribee, would be so open to discovery, and would be so much more costly than ready money, that the plan could never work.

It is a matter of fact that bribery and inti-

midation cannot take place where universal suffrage obtains, as in America: let those who assert that it is impossible to prevent it with a limited constituency, beware lest their argument do not urge people to ask for universal suffrage, as being the lesser evil of the two.

With universal suffrage, it is impossible but that the universal will should be made apparent. I do not say here whether it is desirable that it should be so or not: I merely assert the fact. I was repeating, to the prefet of a department in France, the assertion, so generally made by English writers, that the returns which gave such a great majority of votes to the present Emperor of the French, were falsified by the government:—

"I own," he replied, "that, at the first election, we—all of us who held situations under government—were directed to use our utmost influence to secure the return of the government candidate: that candidate was General Cavaignac, who was then himself president. The result gave a majority of some millions to Louis Napoleon, whom we were bid to oppose. You can judge, therefore, how little is the

power of any government in opposition to universal suffrage."

Let it be understood that I am not arguing in favour of one system more than of another: I am merely stating what is the effect of the American plan. And here I assert the general feeling to be against bribery or intimidation. How or whence derived, I care not: but I do believe the general and individual feeling here to be so opposed to bribery and intimidation that a candidate or constituent, who should propose or submit to either, would find himself equally disgraced, not only in the public but in his own private estimation. A higher tone of political morality seems to preside at these than at our English elections.

But the impending election was not only for what we should term the members of parliament for the county: there are no borough members—the boroughs are incorporated in the counties: many other officers of government, local and general, were to be chosen at the same time and in the same manner. I had argued a good deal against the appointment of all these by universal suffrage; and, per-

haps, had had the worst of the argument: but when the democrats told me that the judges of the land were so chosen, I manfully exclaimed against the wild vagaries of irresponsible mob rule. What could the mob know of the legal qualifications of one whom it would raise to the highest seat of judicature?

"Well, now," replied my democratic exponent, "I calculate that the people are those most interested in having a good judge; since it is for themselves and to themselves that he will have to administer the law!"

"But what can they know of his legal abilities?"

"Well, then; it is not very likely that all should agree, by universal suffrage, to vote in favour of a man of whom they have never heard anything; and if they have heard of him, he must have distinguished himself for good or for evil. Do you think they will all agree to entrust their property and rights to a man who has made himself notorious as a bad or rascally lawyer?"

"But he may have won their favour as a

political partisan, or in fifty other ways than by his legal knowledge," I insisted.

"And are your sovereigns and ministers in Europe open to no such influences?" retorted my opponent. "In a choice between half-a-dozen men in England, does your minister always select the soundest lawyer to make him a judge, or an attorney, or solicitor-general, without any reference to his political bias or to the services he may have rendered to his party in or out of parliament? Is your Lord Chancellor always appointed because he is the very best lawyer that can be found, without inquiry whether he be whig or tory?"

"But in all these appointments, the minister's own character is at stake," I replied: "no minister would venture to name one whose appointment outraged public opinion."

"And what is public opinion," asked my democrat, "but the united opinion of those who, here, vote individually? I guess that they are less likely to outrage, as you call it, their own opinion, than any minister is to outrage it for them. The lawyer must have distinguished himself to have become known at

all: and from amongst those who have distinguished themselves, it is everybody's interest to choose the best man. Individuals might think themselves safe from the clutches of the law and might appoint a judge out of fear or favour: universal suffrage selects the man whom all agree in thinking most highly of."

I felt myself fairly "stumped" in the argument; and resolved to submit it, as I now do, to the opinion of other Britishers.

I must, also, record that, in order to enable me to form a correct opinion on any subject under discussion, my hands were filled with pamphlets "published under authority of the National and Jackson Democratic Association Committee," and largely inscribed "CIRCULATE;" or with speeches and extracts of speeches in the Senate or House of Representatives, published by the speakers or their party for the promulgation of their views. The people having determined to decide every question themselves, do, I must admit, take great pains to inform themselves and others on the bearings of every case that comes before them.

At length, on the 4th of August, the election was to take place; and I walked to the great square of Terre Haute, in the centre of which was the court house. In a door-way, in the centre of this, was fixed a sort of sentry-box, in which sat two men appointed to receive the votes. Some few hundred people were standing about the square, twirling their voting papers in their fingers and chatting quietly together. I saw no sign of policeman or constable. The excitement which had endured while the minds of men were to be convinced or swayed, seemed now to have given place to quiet action. Nothing more seemed to be expected than that each one should give his vote according to the determination he had already formed. One of the voting papers was given to me, which I here copy :—

For Congress.

EDWARD W. M'GAUGHEY.
JOHN G. DAVIS.

For Prosecuting Attorney.

HARVEY D. SCOTT.
HENRY SLAVENS.
DELANA E. WILLIAMSON.
WILLIAM A. JONES.

For Representative.

(TWO TO BE ELECTED.)

ROBERT N. HUDSON.
GRAFTON F. COOKESLEY.
SAMUEL B. GOOKINS.

Commissioner (*2nd District*).

ISHMAEL PUGH.
JOHN BARTON.

Assessor.

STEPHEN H. TAYLOR.
JOHN CLEM.
STEPHEN D. GARTRELL.
WILLIAM P. THORNTON.

For the Constitution.
Against the Constitution.

Exclusion and Colonization of Negroes and Mulattoes.

No Exclusion and Colonization of Negroes and Mulattoes.

The above was printed in the type here given and on yellow paper—which is the colour of all government paper in the United States.

The last question related to the proposal which Dr. Ushaw had mentioned to me, tending to the exclusion of even free negroes and

people of colour from the territory of Indiana. The question before that one, meant whether the constitution of the general state of Indiana should be submitted to the revision of its own general legislature, as there were some points in which public opinion believed that it could be amended. This had been done in other northern states; the constitutions of which had been made still more liberal and democratic. Should a majority of votes decree the revision of the constitution, the new amended constitution would be again submitted to public approval.

Each voter was expected to write on the back of the yellow slip of voting paper the names of those for whom he voted; and yes or no in reference to the other questions. Some were doing this on the counters of shops round the square: others had already done so, and were twirling up their papers, so as to show only the printed side and conceal what they had written. One or two people, amongst whom was our landlord, Mr. Bunting, boasted to me that they always declared how they voted, and showed me that they had written

their own names at the foot of the paper before they took it to the ballot-box: this seemed to be considered an unmeaning boast, rather offensive than otherwise to the general feeling—even of their equals. It certainly implied that Mr. Bunting, and those who took such an extraordinary means of declaring themselves, might otherwise have been suspected of voting in opposition to the principles which they everywhere proclaimed.

I went up to the ballot-box and watched the voters as they came and dropped in their papers. This was done without question asked or word spoken, if the assessors or those who sat there knew the parties to be entitled to vote. If there was any doubt as to their residence or other qualification, the assessors questioned them before they permitted them to drop their paper in the ballot-box. If still unconvinced, they made them hold up their right hand and say, "I swear that I am—" so and so. All was done without hurry or noise; without bands, banners, or drinking. At the end of the day, the ballot-box was unlocked; the voting papers were unrolled by competent

authorities; and the number of votes on each question was cast up and declared. The democratic candidate, who had taken the place that had been offered to Dr. Read, was elected by a large majority.

Remembering what I had often seen in England,—the fighting, the drunkenness, the bribery, the demoralisation of an election; the intimidation which coerced the prudent or the cowardly voter; the ruin which often overtook the conscientiously-rash, but brave one—I knew not whether most to pity or to be indignant with my own countrymen: whether to pity them for what they suffer in the conscientious discharge of their duty or to be indignant with them for not asserting their right to that ballot which can alone enable them freely to declare their opinions, as they have a right to declare them. Without the ballot, the franchise is, to every man in business who cannot afford to defy his customers, to every poor man who is, in any way, dependent upon another, either a mockery or a snare. Either protect the voter in the execution of the trust you impose upon him, or else

legalise bribery. When you give a man a vote, either tell him that it is his own, a marketable commodity to do what he likes with and to sell to the highest bidder: or else tell him that it is a trust which he is bound to dispose of according to his own conscience; and protect him while doing so in the only way in which he and all advocates of the ballot believe that he can be protected. You say that the ballot would not be an efficient protection: if so, it will do you no harm. Why, then, deny it to us?

But deny it to us you will, because our idiot liberals know not how to combine and put forth their own strength; therefore, I say, legalize bribery and let every man "have a right to do what he will with his own," including his vote.

Having resolved to return by the Wabash and Erie canal boats, I sold my wagon, to the great joy of all my children. It was bought by one who wished to drive across the prairies to Chicago in it; and he gave me, within two dollars, what the whole had cost. I tried to sell the horses; but they were too good for

the Terre Haute market. No one said that I asked more than they were worth; but people were not so particular in horse flesh here as in Indianapolis, the capital of the State. Colonel Harrison kindly undertook to dispose of them for me; and I sent them over to run in one of his paddocks until he should find a purchaser.

I requested Dr. Read to make his own charge according to the custom of the country. He charged me "From July 1st to August 3rd inclusive, for medical services to self and family, one hundred and eighty-three dollars." He told me that the regular payment to a physician was one dollar per visit, except when very frequent, in which case they were "lumped"; that, during the first ten days, he had been so constantly at the house, that it was impossible to define the number of his visits: he had, therefore, charged eight dollars per day, the same honorary as is allowed to a member of Congress; that after that time, he had paid us three hundred and twenty visits. This I could well believe, because at all hours of the day and night, he was summoned; and because, at no time, had either of my daughters or of the

two babies been well for two days together. They were constantly fighting off ague and fever, and other ills to which flesh is heir in this country. My wife, too, succumbed since I had been convalescent; and had required considerable attention. She declared that, from all she could learn, a twelvemonth in the Western States was divisable into three periods:—summer, when cholera and dysentery prevailed; autumn, when ague-and-fever was universal; and winter, when pulmonary consumption took its victims. There was some truth in this division; but I was well assured that the climate of the United States during summer has much changed since the first appearance of cholera; as has, also, I believe, every climate in Europe; or if the climates themselves have not changed, intestinal derangements have been much more frequent in every country than they were before.

The fee to Dr. Clippinger, as consulting physician, was five dollars for the first, and one dollar for each subsequent visit. All medicines had been supplied by both physicians, without extra charge, for the reason before assigned.

"A few days before we were to leave Terre Haute," writes Louie, "Catherine, Ellen, Lucy, Agnes and I were all walking in the garden of the hotel, when we met the chamber-maid and Mrs. Bunting's maid. After speaking of our going away, the latter said, 'Well now, you are a very fine family. You're all so different, there's not two of you alike. Are all the girls in England as pretty as you all are?' This speech and the question affected us all differently, according to our different dispositions; Catherine coloured a little and laughed a great deal, and said that we really could not be judges in the matter; Ellen blushed a little, and laughed a little; Lucy blushed very much, and did not laugh at all; and Agnes and I laughed without blushing, which must be attributed to our not having reached the blushing age. We went to say good bye to Mrs. Read before we left; she said she hoped we should return some day and pay another visit to Terre Haute—a hope which was certainly not felt by any of our party."

"It was amusing," writes Agnes, "to hear

Mr. Bunting's farewell: 'Well now,' said he to mama, 'what a shame to take away them gals! They'd get on so well here in America, they're so handy!' In the evening, Mr. Lalumière came to say good bye, and gave us each a little holy print as a SOUVENIR of Terre Haute:—'although,' he said, 'I do not think it is necessary; for you have had enough to make you remember it.'"

"We went to take leave of all our acquaintances," writes Lucy, "that is, of Mrs. Harrison and her mother, of Mrs. Read, and of the Catholic lady who had given us so much milk, and who played the organ in the church. We found her with her two little children, who were playing about barefooted in her grounds. She expressed much sympathy for us, but said that we were highly favoured to have lost only one out of such a large family. She herself had lost her first six children before they were eight years old; and the year before last, her husband had died. She urged us, therefore, to resignation on the ground that we had escaped so much better than our neighbours.

"We had spent a long time," Lucy con-

tinues, "at Terre Haute, in daily expectation of losing our dearest father, and of leaving him by the side of our little Isabel. But she needed him not: God spared him to us, and we left her grave for angels to watch over. I had been to her burial-place before, and was not now allowed to return; but, dear Isabel! if I could not visit thy grave, we communed together none the less, and joined in praying God to watch over and keep us, who were still living, from all further danger; both together, we prayed that we, on earth, might be resigned to His holy will."

Together, in truth, we had now all been to church; together, we had prayed for the little one taken from us; together, we had joined in offering her to Him who gave her; and together, we had returned thanks for the mercy thus far shown to us. Then my wife and I entered a carriage, and driving along near the banks of the canal and of the Wabash for about a couple of miles, we came to an opening in the forest, which the driver told us was the Catholic graveyard. We left the carriage, and walked over the uneven ground towards it.

We stagger'd forth. Her sandy grave
Rose there beside the Wabash wave.
Where Indiana spreads around
Deep forests, darkening all the ground,
A little 'clearing' in the wood,
  Circled by rude 'worm-fence', is still
By 'stumps' encumbered:—o'er the sod
  The prairie grasses wave at will.

But there the modest cross uprears
Its arms to heaven: and there the prayers
Of faith arise.....Dear Isabel,
Look down on those who lov'd thee well;
And make us feel, where'er we dwell,
We are not further from thee here
Than if we liv'd beside thee there.
Thy full blue eyes and flaxen hair
Are thought of still; and many a prayer
Is murmured that, when life is o'er,
  We all may meet from every strand,—
We all may meet, to part no more,
  In heaven, our only Fatherland.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WABASH CANAL.

English proprietary of the canal.—Indiana scorned repudiation.—Electric telegraphs.—Cost of living.—New Harmony.—The canal boat.—A bog drained by water.—Mosquitoes.—La Fayette.—Change of canal boats.—A row amongst the ladies.—Captain G. Davis.—Letter from the English trustee.—Nights on board.—The country ruined by the canal.—Yankees.—A free negress.—Parting at junction.—Manners of American farmers.—Improved civilization.

But we had not yet left Terre Haute. I had heard of frequent breaks in the banks of the Wabash and Erie canal; and on this evening, when we were to have embarked upon it, word was brought that two or three others had occurred, and that all the water had leaked away through them. We had to resign ourselves to wait another week while these were being mended.

As this canal is the property of English shareholders, few of whom, I hope, have travelled from one end to the other of it, I may not, in justice to them, omit this oppor-

tunity of describing the real system of travelling on all American canals, and on this one in particular. I had been very curious to ascertain how Englishmen should have been found to invest their money in a canal from Lake Erie to the Wabash and Ohio, through the backwoods of America; and the people of Indiana were nothing loth to tell me. On the contrary, they seemed very proud of a transaction which they deemed to prove the honour and smartness of their State. When "the brown men of Pennsylvania", and the citizens of other States repudiated their State loans, and asserted the principle (excellent, perhaps, when it is understood,) that no government had a right to contract debts for posterity to pay off, and so to mortgage the unborn energies of the country, the men of Indiana pitied the case of those who had lent money on the faith of their government; and felt, also, ashamed of taking advantage of the new principle to cheat their creditors; instead of first taxing themselves to pay what they already owed, and then declaring the principle that was to rule their future transactions.

The men of Indiana were honourable men, who had a strong "idee" of maintaining their national faith, and would not be classed by "Eurōpĕans" amongst the repudiating States. They would not cheat their creditors; not they! They could no longer pay the bonds of the State:—to do so, would be to infringe the new principle; but they had a State canal, which they would make over to the bondholders instead. To be sure, it was a troublesome property to manage, and scarcely paid its own expenses; but the bondholders were mostly Britishers, and did not know that; besides, it might improve in their hands. Shares in the Wabash and Erie canal were, therefore, given to each one in proportion to the bonds he held from the government; and Indiana freed itself from its debt without the disgrace of being classed amongst the repudiating States; and, without, also, the inconvenience of having to pay its bonds hereafter; as it foresaw that other States would do, in a few years, when thoroughly ashamed of the repudiating principle.

The canal was, therefore, held by trustees

for English shareholders, and managed for them by a local agent. The English *Times* constantly advertises meetings, to be held in New York, of all interested in the concern.

I have mentioned the telegraph wire that strode through the town of Terre Haute on unhewn posts of fir-tree. Before leaving, I had occasion to send a message to New York, distant eleven hundred miles, and another to New Orleans, distant fifteen hundred miles. I went to the Telegraph Office in this out-of-the-way village in the backwoods, and gave a message of nineteen words for New York, for which I was charged one dollar and ninety cents (or 8*s.*); and one of eighteen words for New Orleans, for which I had to pay two dollars and seventy-six cents—or one dollar and eighty cents for the first ten words and twelve cents for every subsequent word. Away rushed the electric fluid; over railroads and amid factories, through villages and through cities, and over the mighty Alleghanny mountains, through the busy Free States of the north, away it rushed, eleven hundred miles, to New York. All saw the wires; no police-

man protected them ; no child, even, thought of injuring them : every citizen was a policeman : the spirit of mischief existed not in opposition to the public convenience. Away, also, rushed the electric fluid in the opposite direction ; through forests and over swamps, through cotton and through sugar plantations, and adown the glorious Mississippi river, amid the degradation and the suffering of the Slave States of the south, away it rushed, fifteen hundred miles, to New Orleans. The poor slaves looked at the wires and sighed that they also could not travel by similar means away to other lands : but none ever thought of injuring them : every citizen was a policeman, and every slave was too much cowed or was too goodnatured : the spirit of mischief existed not against public convenience, where it could be so much more efficiently wreaked in tormenting niggers and people of colour.

Let Europe and England take shame to itself that the electric telegraph, as yet, exists not everywhere for the convenience of everybody. In these remote and infant communities, it is in hourly use in every village. The

greatest and smallest commercial transactions are carried on by its means. An offer to buy or an agreement to sell conveyed by telegraph, is binding in every court of law. While I was here, the following case was tried: a store-keeper sent, by telegraph, to New York, an order for ten expensive shawls:—his correspondent sent him one hundred. He refused to receive more than ten and the New Yorker refused to take back ninety, alleging that one hundred had been ordered. It was proved that the telegraph had made a mistake—had put one "0" too much;—and the telegraph had to pay for the supernumerary ninety. In England, a telegraph escapes responsibility by bye-laws which protect its negligence. In these countries, an opposition telegraph company would be started without such bye-laws, and admitting its responsibility.

I paid my bill at the Prairie House. The style of living there has been described. Five dollars a-week was charged for each grown-up person for board, lodging, and attendance. The charge for the servant—I beg pardon, for the "help"—was half that amount. Two dol-

lars and a half, or ten shillings per week, was charged for each horse. Mr. Bunting added the moderate charge of four dollars for the extra lights and expenses occasioned by illness in my family.

Thus, then, for about twenty shillings per week, a man may be well lodged and fed upon the fat of the land in the western states of America. And be it observed that Indianapolis and Terre Haute are not decaying, but are busy, thriving, rising towns. The population of Indianapolis was 2,692 in the year 1840; in 1850 it had risen to 8,034; that of Terre Haute, at the same period, rose from 2,000 to 4,051.

Having remained another week, when we were all comparatively in good health, I had to pay our physician for only six additional visits. Then he and the landlord and others looked on and heard the porter charge me what they themselves told me was treble the usual amount paid for carrying my luggage to the canal: but they were afraid of uttering one word of remonstrance, lest they should lose the vote or the good word of the rascal

whom they allowed to cheat me. I told them that I should record in what wholesome awe citizens stood of one another; and getting into the carriage, we bade a long adieu to the red brick walls of the Prairie Hotel.

At the canal wharf, we were soon rejoined by Dr. Read. Three horses were harnessed to the boat; we took a sad leave of our kind friend, and were soon passing through the water of the canal at the rate of from four to five miles an hour.

In England, I have been asked questions about the present state of New Harmony, which Rapp and Owen made known to our countrymen: and I much regretted that I could not go to see it. It was described to me as being on the Wabash, about sixteen miles from the Ohio river; on a fertile, high, and healthy soil. The village had been first settled by a band of about eight hundred German sectaries, who had moved thither from a place called Beever Creek, in Pennsylvania, with their high priest, George Rapp;

"When Rapp, the harmonist, embargoed marriage,"

as Byron sings of them. All their lands were

held in his name, and were laid out with the greatest regularity and cultivated like a garden. After a few years, however, they longed for the flesh-pots of Beever Creek; and their leader sold their lands and village of New Harmony to Robert Owen, the Scotch socialist, for one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. Here the new fanatic would try his own "social system"; and here, being a rich man, he soon managed to collect about one thousand people, who danced during one night in the week, sang on another, attended philosophical lectures on the Sunday, and occupied themselves, not very creditably, during the other four days of the week. Mr. Owen grew tired of his settlement in about a twelvemonth, and returned to Europe to preach mental independence: the scamps whom he had collected soon dispersed; and the settlement sank down into a small ordinary village; and, amongst other lands for sale, I had been advised to visit some at New Harmony.

So little of adventure or novelty could occur while we were on the Wabash and Erie canal, that no impressions remain prominently fixed

upon the mind and standing out, as it were, ready to be noted down; but yet the little incidents of each day were so characteristic of American popular habits and manners, and were so calculated to urge the mind unawares to draw conclusions and to receive indelible impressions from all that was borne upon it, that I must not pass over this very instructive portion of our travels as quickly as we would then have urged the boat through those sluggish waters. Day by day, we must float over them again in memory; and, day by day, we must seek, in the family journals, fresh traits of American life and amiability—of American life in a canal boat.

Tuesday, 12th August. At five o'clock in the afternoon, we stepped from the little quay at Terre Haute on board the Indiana canal boat. Three horses were harnessed to a rope, about fifty yards ahead of the boat; they started at a moderate trot; and the town, where we had tarried so long, was soon lost to our sight. No other passengers were on board: and we wandered over the vessel, well pleased with the promise it gave us of tolerable accom-

modation. The captain, a very young man, was very civil and attentive to our wants: and told us that tea would be served at seven o'clock, which there, on that day, was the precise hour of sunset.

The construction of the canal boat was—in miniature—much the same as that of the lake and river steamers. There was no hold or under-deck; but, on the deck at the stern, were raised the kitchen, steward's room, and offices; in the centre of the boat, was the large saloon—the sitting room of all by day, the sleeping room of male passengers by night; adjoining it was the ladies' saloon; beyond which again, was a small cabin containing only four berths. This cabin was separated by a doorway and curtain from the ladies' saloon, and on the other side opened upon the bow of the vessel. In it, was a looking-glass, a hand bason, two towels, a comb and a brush, for the use of the ladies. It was a rule in the boats that no gentleman should go into the ladies' saloon without express invitation from the ladies; consequently, the third little room was sacred to the female sex unless entered

from the bow, in which case a male occupant would cut off the ladies from their washhouse. Dr. Read had, however, declared that it was necessary that I should have this small room, in order that I might be secure from the draughts and night air that would be let into the men's saloon at night: and the canal boat agents at Terre Haute had contracted to secure the same for me throughout the length of the passage. Dr. Read had particularly insisted on this, fearing that the slightest chill would produce a return of the illness from which I was, in truth, scarcely convalescent.

A flat roof spread over the whole of the saloons; and on it was piled the luggage; and here passengers walked up and down or sat to enjoy the view.

The view, however, as yet "was nought": the banks were low; and thick woods, in which were only partial clearings, shut us in on both sides. I have omitted to mention that the climate of Terre Haute had, of late, been rendered much more salubrious than it formerly was by the flooding of a large wood. Somewhere about here, there had been a

marshy valley covered with magnificent timber; but reeking, also, with a miasma that poisoned those around. By the advice of Dr. Read, the waters of the Wabash had been let into the hollow, and the whole valley turned into a lake, flooding the timber as it stood. Fancy such a waste of timber in "the old country" within a short distance of water carriage! There it still stood, rotting away; and, it was asserted that the pestilential vapour no longer arose from this "drained bog", as an Irish emigrant described it to me.

Our children had wondered where they were to sleep, as there were no visible berths amid the red moreen curtains that hung round the ladies' saloon, to give it an air of comfort in this August weather: they dreaded to have to pass four nights on the floor, as they had done at Mrs. Long's hotel: but they said they were now more used to hardships than they had then been; and they, also, drew comparative comfort from seeing a washhand bason and two towels, instead of that amiable American woman's small tin pie dish. The steward, however, soon solved their doubts by hooking up

some shelves to the wall, and laying mattresses and sheets upon them.

We were summoned to tea: but, after the good living of the Prairie House, all complained bitterly of the bad tea and coffee, of the heavy hot corn bread, and of the raw beef steaks.

I then produced my brandy bottle. Dr. Read had advised me to give a tablespoonful of brandy to each one of my children every night and morning, in the hope of keeping off the ague and fever of the canal: and I administered his prescription regularly as long as we were in the boats. The youngest two-year-old boy had, indeed, been ill for some time; and by a teaspoonful of the same medicine sweetened with sugar, had been cured—much to his own dissatisfaction: he declared that he liked to be ill; the physic was so nice.

"After tea, we all began," writes Agnes, "a most murderous attack upon the mosquitoes that swarmed on the windows and inside our berths, in expectation of feasting upon us as soon as we should go to bed. But those on whom we made war, were soon replaced by

others ; and the more we killed, the more they seemed to come to be killed, like Mrs. Bond's ducks : it was as though they would defy us to exterminate the race. At last, we gave up the task as hopeless, and resigned ourselves, as well as we could, to pass a sleepless night.

Wednesday. "What with turning about on account of the heat and trying to catch the musquitoes, who bit us dreadfully, we did not get much rest ; and we rose next morning unrefreshed. After breakfast, which was much the same as the tea had been, papa began reading some of *The Corsair* aloud to us ; but it was soon found out that our travels had not made us more poetical ; and the dull muddy canal, on which we looked through the small windows of the boat, accorded so ill with Byron's description of

"'the glad waters of the dark blue sea,'

that the reading was soon cast aside. The monotony of the day was only broken by the many locks that we had to pass through : although it was not agreeable to feel the boat strike suddenly against the wall or the floodgates with force enough to throw down those

who were not on their guard. Then the violent rush of the waters from above, while the boat was rising with them, rather made us imagine that we were in Noah's ark."

We enjoyed, however, the current of air that we felt at such times; and some of the children insisted that it had been cooled by the water from under which, they said, it rushed.

About Covington, a town some fifty miles from Terre Haute, the scenery is remarkably pretty: the canal passes through what seems to be a healthy sandstone country. But, tormented by the mosquitoes, by heat, and by thirst, our onward course was very wearying; and the wished-for change made us well pleased when we arrived, in the evening, at La Fayette, where we were to move into another canal boat. We little knew what was in store for us!

La Fayette,—opposite to which was fought the famous battle of Tippecanoe, by which General Harrison at length reduced the Indians to sue for peace,—La Fayette is said to be a flourishing town of about ten thousand

inhabitants. I did not see anything to support this character during the few minutes that I was able to go on shore. Here I procured a fresh supply of whiskey, to mix with our canal water, which we were afraid of drinking alone; and I also sent on board one of those pieces of furniture which are found in every Eurōpĕan bed-room, but not one of which exists in any boat on this canal. I mention this that the English shareholders may send out a supply. The bell soon summoned us to the boat which was to take us onwards; and which was so inconveniently drawn up that females could only enter it by passing through the windows, from the saloon of the one into that of the other. Our children were much amused by the spiteful delicacy with which an elderly spinster so intruded herself, and by the equanimity with which a respectable quakeress thrust herself and numberless bags and baskets, that hung on her arms, through the double aperture. Several other people followed them; and, with dismay, we anticipated the closeness and heat of the cabins during the coming night.

"The last bell had sounded," writes Lucy, "when we saw a carriage driven very fast towards the wharf: a gentleman and lady and three children, with their black nurse, got out of it and came towards the boat. Our departure was delayed while they scrambled on board, and while their luggage was transferred from their rough-and-ready. We then started; and, for some time, all occupied themselves with catching mosquitoes, which swarmed in this boat ten times worse than in the other. We got out our needlework, and passed the time in working and answering or eluding the various questions that were put to us; and in admiring the beautiful country we were passing through. We remarked numbers of beautiful flowers, that in England are grown with the greatest care, here growing wild: amongst them, were rhododendrons that spread to a great size. We also remarked a great number of tortoises basking in the sun, but which took to the water as we passed."

Bed-time came, and I was preparing to go to my inner cabin, when the elderly spinster called out—

"Well, now; I want to go to bed. I wish the gentleman would go to his own room."

"I am going," said I; "Good night."

"Well, but I reckon," she cried, "that he 's not going to sleep there! If he does I shall call the captain."

"I have pre-engaged this cabin for myself for the last fortnight," I observed.

"I won't stand it!" she exclaimed in all the rage of elderly spinster American modesty. "The idēe of a man sleeping there! I'll call the captain."

The captain, who was in the men's saloon, hearing his name invoked, appeared at the door; and some of the women joined the old maid in requiring the expulsion of so dangerous a person from their vicinity. The captain, G. Davis, of the Ohio boat, assented instantly; and desired me to go into the men's cabin.

"What do you say to this memorandum?" I asked; and I read aloud: "The bearer has paid his fare for self and family and baggage, through to Toledo, and has secured the four berths in the small saloon in the bow of the boat, and seven berths in the ladies and gen-

tlemen's cabin: as by waybill. La Fayette, August 13th, 1851. W. H. Noble, *Agent.*"

"I care nothing for that. I am captain of this boat; and out you shall come!" replied the fellow.

Here my wife interfered, and explained that we had come by the canal on the express understanding that I should have that room, as the open windows in the larger saloon might be fatal after my illness.

"I promise the ladies," I added, "that I will leave the little cabin by the wash-room and over the roof, so as not to set foot in their own saloon."

Captain Davis, however, only blustered the more against any agent daring to dispose of his boat; and as I still refused to give way, exclaimed, "Let the ladies decide. It 's their affair: whatever they conclude, I guess I'll have done like thunder."

Upon the ladies, my wife then threw herself; told what we had suffered, told her fears, and appealed to them as wives and mothers. The quakeress immediately said, "I have no objection to the gentleman sleeping

there;" and all the wives and mothers, one by one, said the same: the old maid was neither, and would not consent, though she no longer objected to the proposal.

G. Davis saw the point was carried against him; and turning, in wrath, to the men who had all congregated at the open door of the cabin, exclaimed, "The ladies do not object to the gentleman sleeping in their room! It 's nothing to me who sleeps there. I 'm captain of the boat, and I give you all leave to go in and sleep there if you like. All of you, do as you like."

He stalked out of the cabin; and though the men looked at him with evident disgust, they did not administer Lynch law and duck him in his own canal.

Verily, recording these transactions, I begin to feel that there must be a great many blackguards in the Northern States of America.

As the shareholders of the canal were Englishmen, I felt that I had some right to appeal; and I seized the first leisure half-hour to write an account of the transaction to the agent of the English trustees at Terre Haute.

I had never seen him: but I received the following letter from him.

"Terre Haute, August 25th, 1851.

"DEAR SIR,—Your favour has reached me, and I lose no time in making this respectful acknowledgment. It gives me great regret to learn that your treatment by Captain Davis was so scandalous: and I feel sure that, when the *proprietors* of the packet line are made acquainted with his conduct, a proper remedy will be applied. To secure this object, I shall send a copy of your favour to Messrs. Doyle, Petree, and Co., the employers of Capt. Davis, with such suggestions as may seem timely and proper.

"I will remark that, *as a trustee of the canal*, I have not the slightest control over the packet boats. They belong to *private* persons who pay toll for the privilege of navigating the same. With their internal policy, or with the persons who act as captains, I have nothing to do by any right conferred upon me. If I had, Captain Davis should not be permitted to insult and outrage respectable persons: and, as it is, I shall take the most prompt measures

to see that his employers are made acquainted with his conduct towards yourself. I take this occasion to express my deep mortification at the conduct of Captain Davis, and beg you to be assured that whatever remedy is within my power will be cheerfully applied.

"With high consideration,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS DOWLING."

I have dwelt upon this matter that English shareholders may know how their property is managed in America. If for the same reason I linger yet upon this canal, let it be remembered that those whose property is here forcibly invested, have, probably, never before heard from a countryman who had travelled with his family from the Ohio River to Lake Erie by their ditch; and that it is very unlikely anyone will ever do so again; as, before long, the whole country will be intersected by railroads.

But I must not yet pass on to another day.

"Papa went into his little room," writes Lucy; "and we had to go to bed. Everyone

was quickly undressed and got into their berths, except Mrs. Ward, the lady who had come down in the carriage at La Fayette, and ourselves; and we, seeing that none of the others had thought of saying their prayers, felt rather shy at kneeling down before so many people: but we overcame our feelings and did so. When we rose from our knees, Mrs. Ward and her negress were still praying: and I was astonished to see that, before they rose, they both signed themselves with the sign of the cross. Until we saw this talismanic bond of union, we had thought that we were the only Catholics on board.

"The berths were in tiers, three rows high; and, that we might not be intermingled with other people, we girls took ours one above the other. I was put in the top one; for Catherine was too modest to climb so high; Ellen and Agnes were too short; and Louie still suffered from her pain in her side; so I mounted to the top. I lay awake but still, for a long time. At last, I heard every one turning and sighing with the heat; so I gave way to my own feelings, and did so too. But the shelves or trays

on which we lay, were so short, that I found my pillow constantly slipping down from under my head; and, if I put it lower down, my feet hung out at the other end; so that, although I was not very tall, I was obliged, at last, to curl myself up again and lie quite still, while the mosquitoes devoured, and the heat melted me. At last I went to sleep.

Thursday. "I waked up early," she continues, "covered with mosquito bites, which gave me entertainment for some time. Then came the pleasure of dressing before strangers; but mama soon announced that papa had left his room, so that we might pass into it, and to the basin and two towels. Every third person had to dip the jug into the canal for fresh water, which was not odoriferous.

"Then came the breakfast, where we broke our fast, indeed, and but little more; for the bread was hot and very heavy, and the beef steaks were dry, small and much underdone. I do not know how papa managed; having been accustomed to share a good-sized steak with the pigs, he had now to share a very small one with the tortoises; and Captain

Davis looked very black if any one asked to be helped a second time."

We passed through a great deal of beautiful country. Through scores and scores of miles of woodland that had never heard the axe; past thousands of acres where the trees were rotting in the steaming pools collected about them. For the canal sometimes passed along the slope of a rising ground, where the water wept through the bank on the lower side; for, whenever hollows were to be passed over, its channel was not formed by being dug out of the earth, but by the piling of the earth on each side to form embankments. These were often broken violently away; and the water, let in through upper locks, trickled over them and formed morasses on each side. A country that might have otherwise been healthy, was thus changed into a swamp by this canal; and immense labours of drainage would be required before it could be rendered habitable, owing to the floods thus artificially produced. But who thought of inhabiting the region when the canal was made? The land was then a worthless desert, and the one thing needed,

was to get through it. I should be curious to know whether future occupants will have any claim upon the canal to consume its own waters, like smoke, or whether "vested interests" give the company a right to be a nuisance—like Established Churches in all countries, from Rome to Ireland.

I never saw more magnificent timber than shaded the valleys through which we passed. Great sticks of plank oak shot up straight from the bottoms without a knot or branch, until their heads spread out, some scores of feet above, like the tufted summits of the Italian pine. At times, partial clearings or little prairies opened vistas into the lands beyond, and still the same noble timber everywhere arose. On the banks of the canal, as on mounds of higher earth, the spaces between the trees were filled with wild and untrodden copses. Shrubs, with large, gorgeous leaves, shot up amid creepers of various hues, and glistened in the sun. I regretted my little knowledge of botany, that prevented me from fully appreciating, as I enjoyed this magnificent vegetation.

About Fort Wayne, the country is higher; but the soil seems equally rich. Near this, is an old block-house, formerly erected as a fortress against the Indians: an interesting antiquity in this country; and certainly more ancient than any other building in the State. At this little town, I went on shore again to replenish my brandy and whisky flasks; for there had been a large expenditure of the former on my third boy, who had been ill in the morning, and had, we feared, caught the ague and fever of the district. But some of the passengers advised me to give him frequent spoonsful of burnt brandy; and it was curious to see how speedily and how completely this cut short what threatened to be a serious attack. I was much amused by the lists of spiceries and grocery wares hung outside the doors of many little shops here and at the several villages we passed, and that were all headed "York fixings and Yankee notions". Cloves and nutmegs were Yankee notions:—perhaps they were made of wood.

The word Yankee is as much used by Americans as by British; but, with the former,

it applies exclusively and only to the New England States ;—to Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusets, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. The people of these States, and these only, are called Yankees. Those who apply the term indiscriminately to all Americans, commit the same blunder as would a foreigner who should call all British subjects Paddies.

I found Mr. Ward, who, with his family, had joined us at Lafayette, an intelligent, civil gentleman, as the Americans say. He and his family were going this way towards Washington. We had much conversation together, as we sat on the roof of the saloons and screened ourselves with umbrellas from the heat of the sun. His children seemed exceedingly fond of their black nurse, and ran about the canal-boat with her, calling her "mammy". She told my daughters, with the chattering communicativeness of all negroes, that the father of her mistress had bought her, when a child, to rescue her from the ill-usage she received from her first owner: that she had nursed his daughter and accompanied her when she mar-

ried Mr. Ward, who had given her freedom in reward for much faithful service: and then she added that she intended to leave them as soon as they arrived at the end of her journey.

"But why do you want to leave them now?" asked Louie.

"Well now; I reckon I shall find as good a place somewhere else, missy," she answered evasively.

"But are they not kind to you?"

"Oh yes. Massa and Missy Ward very kind good people: but I can get higher wages. What e good to be free if no change place and get high wages?"

This was evidently not the whole truth: and she afterwards told that, having married one of her late master's slaves, he had died and left her a widow with one daughter: that that daughter was still a slave; and that her only hope was to earn enough to be able to buy the freedom of her child:—that nothing would have tempted her to leave the kind people and the children she now served but the hope of earning, in the great cities, what would enable her to ransom her own daughter.

Poor creature! hers was not an uncommon story. She was found on her knees in our inner cabin praying alone, with a fervour that our daughters had seldom seen equalled.

We were much annoyed all this day by a passenger, who stood on the roof, or upper deck of the boat, with a fowling piece in hand, and constantly fired at the birds that flew across the canal. The detonation over head was unpleasant; but the man was a friend of the surly animal who commanded the boat, and remonstrance was felt to be useless.

As we proceeded onwards, we had taken in a great number of passengers; many of whom only used the boat for short stages, from town to town: but many others now sought it as the only conveyance to the Lakes and the more busy districts we were here approaching. Though I had manfully held out my little cabin during the preceding night, I would not risk a battle with the new comers: and selected a berth in the outer saloon amid my sons. Mr. Ward promised to do what he could to keep the windows shut through the night;

and as every berth had its occupant, there was not much danger of catching cold.

Friday. We had passed from the valley of the Wabash, running to the south-west, to that of the Meaumee river, which had a north-easterly current, and we had now cut off a little angle on the right and were at the place where our Wabash canal joined that from the Ohio at Cincinnati. Here we were to part with Frank and his next youngest brother, whom I had resolved to leave awhile in America, that they might be the better fitted for the country which I still looked upon as their future home The climate had perfectly agreed with these two children. The account that I had heard of the Catholic colleges in the United States, had given me the greatest confidence in them; and the archbishop of Cincinnati had written me word that he would "receive them with open arms and with truly paternal affection."

At Junction, we had found the Cincinnati boat; and there was an interchange of many passengers as they drew up side by side in the wide basin of the two canals. I commended my two poor boys to the care and kindness of

the captain of the southern vessel, who seemed to be a civil, good-tempered man, and we all took leave of one another, with what spirits we might.

"While our canal boat," writes Louie, "was stopping alongside of the other, Frank and Constable were standing at the window of theirs, and I was at the opposite window of ours. Frank was trying to keep up his spirits and smiling cheerfully; but Constable was behind him crying bitterly. It was *his* first separation from home: the other had been to school in England.

"'Mind and write to me, dear Louie,' said Frank: 'Do not forget me; and when you look at the stars at night, think that I am looking at them also. The same stars will shine on us both; and that will be something in common.'

"'And mind and pray for me,' sobbed out poor Constable, 'that I may be a good boy and soon come back to England.'

"'Nonsense!' said Frank. 'Forget all about England: you had much better'—

"I protested against this," continues Louie

"The boat was just beginning to move. Frank put his hand through the window; I did the same; and we shook hands.

"'Good bye once more,' he cried: 'henceforth I will be an American!'

"It was not the last speech I should most have wished to hear from the lips of one of my brothers; but I had no time for any reply. The boats separated, and Frank and Constable were soon lost to my eyes. The rest of that day, of course, we were all melancholy and out of spirits. It was another break up in our family, who had all been so happy together at Talence. Perhaps, when we met next, we might be all changed. We should no longer think and feel together. Frank meant to be an American; and I had certainly no desire to become one; for, disagreeable as the manners of American men might be, they were nothing compared to those of the women."

We were now in Ohio state once more, and soon turned again into the valley of the Meaumee river; descending locks instead of ascending through them, as we had done on the previous days and nights. We passed Defiance,

where, I had been told at Cincinnati, was the office for the sale of the remaining public lands of the State left unsold in this unhealthy bottom: and certainly the appearance of the country proved that the settlers had shown judgment—at all events in what they had left. We passed places called "Napoleon", "Damascus", and "Providence", which I should think the poor emigrants to these wooded marshes must have often invoked. Passengers continually thronged on board as the day went on, and gave us samples of American manners amongst themselves,—popular, vulgar manners, if you will; but still the manners of country-people and farmers of every class. The men, I admit, behaved invariably with propriety, self-respect, and consideration for one another. Let us consider whether, amongst farmers' wives and daughters in England, we should be likely to meet with anything like the following traits of American womanhood:

"At one of these villages," writes Lucy, "seven girls came on board, making a great noise. They did not seem in the least abashed to find strangers in the saloon; but continued

to laugh and talk as though they had been alone. When the last bell rang, they sprang up and crowded round one of their number, kissing her vehemently: then they ran through the cabin and disappeared. The one girl left alone, immediately began talking and asking questions of the other passengers as if she were an American woman grown. This night, all the berths were engaged, and mattrasses were laid on the carpet. One old lady had not been able to secure any other than one of the highest on the third tier, and she asked the new little girl to be so good as to change with her.

"'Indeed I shan't. I was here first and I've the first choice,' replied this child, about fourteen years old.

"'Well, now, my dear, I know that; but I guess you'll change for good-nature.'

"'But I don't like that top berth, so I shall keep my own.'

"'But I can't climb so well as you, I'm so much older; and it will do your young legs good: besides, you are to leave the boat, and land, long before morning.'

"'But I don't like it, I tell you. Why should I have what I don't like any more than yourself? You're no better than me, and I've the best right to it.'

"'I say,' said the old woman angrily, 'that it's not at all proper for a little gal like you to be obstinate with your betters. Take the upper berth and hold your tongue.'

"'I'm not going to do any such thing. My 'pa would never consent to it. And as to betters,—I don't know who made you my better. I guess you may just keep the top berth; for I certainly shan't give you this.'

"So saying, the young lady laid herself in her berth without undressing, that she might be ready to leave the boat in the night.

"'Oh my!' exclaimed the old lady, 'I reckon I shall be suffocated up there before morning. I really never did see such an obstinate, ill-natured gal behave so to her betters.'

"'I should like to know what makes you my better!' cried the child from her comfortable berth. 'I guess your father was no

better than my 'pa; and I shall be as old as you some day.'

"The old woman made no answer; but scrambled up to her shelf by the aid of a chair."

It is all very well to teach people out of the catechism, "to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters:" but in the United States, no one will admit that he has or can have any betters. Two or three people expressed to me their wonder that I should return to Europe: "They liked," they said, "they liked to live amongst their equals."

"That is just the reason," I replied, "why I wish to return to Europe."

I never saw people packed so close as they were that night in the men's saloon. I and my remaining son had our accustomed berths in a corner: every other one of the three tiers round the walls was occupied; mattrasses completely covered the floor, on which people lay as close as possible: the dinner table was covered with sleeping humanity more thickly than Captain Davis ever strewed it with beef-steaks; and those who lay under the table

thought themselves favoured, inasmuch as they could not be trodden upon.

Saturday. At ten o'clock this morning, our hateful boat—for the wretched fare and accommodation on which I had paid about forty-five dollars a head, or about double the charge per day at the Prairie House, Terre Haute—was drawn up beside a crowded wharf at Toledo. My family had found some degree of fellowship in that of Mrs. Ward and her children; and had been amused by the manners and the squabbles of the other female passengers. We left the boat, thankful to the Almighty that we had been able to traverse between three and four hundred miles of an infected district without further illness; and rejoiced to find ourselves once more in a comparatively-civilised region.

"Throw up a straw; 'twill show how blows the wind:"

we went into the hotel at Toledo, and saw a bell-rope hanging in the ladies' sitting-room. Was not this evidence of civilisation! We had not seen such a luxury since we left Cincinnati. Here, indeed, it was a novelty; and

the use of it was not known to every one, as was testified by the following notice, written, in large letters, on a card, and sewn on to the handle of the bell-pull :—

"PULL STRAIGHT DOWN ONCE,
THEN LET GO SUDDENLY."

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT LAKES.

The crippled pianist.—The *Louisiana* steamer.—Our babies at Niagara Falls.—Walks in the neighbourhood.—The *Maid of the Mist*.—Peaches.—The ladies' saloon at the Falls' Hotel.—The Bloomer.—Fine ladies.—Incidents of the Falls.—Lake Ontario.—The United States and Mexico, Cuba and Canada.—Lake of the Thousand Isles.—The consumptive traveller.—The Ogdensburg railroad.—Rousse's Point.—Lake Champlain.—Whitehaven railroad.

Toledo is a clean, thriving town, the population of which has increased from 2000 to 3800 in the last ten years. Its situation on the Wabash Canal, on Lake Erie, and on the railway across the Michigan peninsula, is very favourable. At the telegraph office here, I found the answer to my dispatch to New Orleans, which had been forwarded to me from the office at Terre Haute; thus increasing the distance to almost two thousand miles, over which the message had been conveyed to me with beautiful regularity.

After dining here well at a comfortable

hotel, we were in the sitting-room when a man entered, leading by the hand a little crippled boy, aged about eight years. He placed a high chair before the piano, lifted the child into it, and set an open music-book before him. The child played most beautifully several pieces that his conductor pointed out to him. He was then lifted to the floor again, the music-book was packed up, and, when we thought they were about to ask for charity, they both walked silently out of the room without having spoken one word since they had first entered it.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we went on board the *Louisiana* steamer on Lake Erie; and slowly wound our way from amongst the low headlands and islands that seemed to hem in Toledo. In front of us, were the narrow straits leading through the little Lake St. Clair, to the Huron, Michigan, and mighty Lake Superior. We turned to the right; and soon passed Sandusky City, and steamed along the same track by which we had come westward so short a time before. This was not the same steamer as that which had carried us out,

full of hope and buoyant energy; and we were glad of it. We were not, however, glad to find that it was an exceedingly slow boat; and that the captain, Wm. Davenport, having put into Erie for fuel on the following evening, chose to remain there from five o'clock till midnight. He said that a storm was blowing outside the harbour which he dared not face: others said that his wife lived at Erie: perhaps he wished to join the public dinner given that very evening to Father Mathew. Rough, however, the water certainly was when we again started; and the boat being, apparently, old and, certainly, dirty and slow, the voyage was very disagreeable. At noon on the following day, the water being smooth, and the *Louisiana* going at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour, we managed to run foul of a sailing vessel that was cutting across our track. Her bowsprit ran amongst our sails and tore one of them to pieces, to the no small danger of the passengers. We did not reach Buffalo till ten o'clock on the second morning; having been forty-eight hours coming a distance of three hundred and sixty miles. Cer-

tainly the *Louisiana*, which called itself a "fast low-pressure steamer," and her captain, were not smitten with the go-a-head mania: though I must do them both the justice to say that they went twice as fast as the Wabash canal-boat!

We remained only a couple of hours at Buffalo; and then, by train, to which a crowded excursion train was attached, we all gladly proceeded to Niagara Falls.

As we entered the town, we passed a long procession of a Temperance society, with garlands of flowers and banners flying. More than half the members seemed to be children. I know not whether these were precocious drunkards reclaimed, or whether their parents were only training them up in the way they should go.

The Falls hotel, where I took apartments, is an excellent, well-frequented house, standing, like all the others, in the centre of the town, and without having any view of the cascades. The formation of the American shore is such, that no hotel could be easily built from whence the river could be seen. On the Canadian

side, it is different; but the hotel there stands alone, and should not be selected by any who wish for other enjoyment of the scenery than the first marvellous view. We walked over the bridges across the rapids, and claimed our right to pass toll-free to Goat Island, on the strength of the season-subscription we had paid ten weeks before. Little we then thought that it could avail us again this year! It may be remembered, that our youngest children had not been with us when we first visited Niagara. They now held the hands of their sisters, as we walked thoughtfully amongst the trees towards the Great Horseshoe Fall. Him whom I have spoken of as our four-year-old little boy, showed the impression it produced on him, as soon as we came in sight of it, by the single and sole exclamation, "Oh, Ellen! dear Ellen!" while tears started to his eyes. The other little boy, two years younger, had, during our residence at Talence, acquired the habit of calling all water "Bordeaux": this was, doubtless, owing to some confusion in his little mind from hearing us speak of the neighbouring town of Bordeaux, while the

French servants told him that *Eau* meant water. He was in ecstacy when he now saw Niagara Falls; and insisted that we should lift him up and place him on benches, that he might see what he called the "pitty, pitty bordeaux!"

Perhaps, I shall be told that a little boy of two years old, whose imagination could change the Niagara river into claret, and contemplated swallowing the Great Horseshoe Fall, would have been fitly placed in the Temperance procession we had passed as we entered the town.

To us, who had seen these mighty cascades ten weeks before, the effect was even more impressive than it had been then. We were no longer surprised; but we were better able to appreciate the immensity and the eternity of the scene before us. At our first visit, there was something of artificial in the effect; as if the scenery, too grand to be real, had been got up like a picture or the scenes of a ballet for stage effect; it was only by continuing to gaze on it that the mind could then realize its immensity. Now, after ten weeks, we found the waters still sublimely pouring on:—and so

they had been onwards rolling in their majesty, night and day, while we had been toiling amid distant petty scenes; aye, and so they are onward rolling even now; and the impression most strong upon my mind, as I now write, and listen, the while I write, to the surf of the green and sunny Mediterranean breaking itself on the rocks beneath my window,—the impression now most strong upon my mind, is that those mighty waters are still coming smoothly onwards from their distant lakes, and are still leaping madly forwards into the boiling foam-cauldron below.

"The last time we were here," writes Lucy, "I thought the Falls very, very beautiful; but I was disappointed in them; now I think that I fully appreciated them. I gazed, as I thought, in silence; but when I remembered myself, I found that I was murmuring in turn, 'Glory be to God on high,' 'The voice of the Lord is upon the waters,'—and the psalm, 'Have mercy on me, oh God, according to thy great mercy;' for I felt the greatness of God and my own littleness. All that we had suf-

fered since, might, also, have produced even a changed tone to my mind.

"While some of us," she continues, "were sketching, and some of us were picking flowers and the wild gooseberries in the woods, which had been green at our first visit, but were now ripe, our party separated into groups, and we lost sight of one another. Ellen and I found ourselves alone; and our calls to the others were answered only by the numberless birds that sang on the trees over us. We took the path to return home, and soon came to a party of Red Indians whom we had before passed, where they stood or sat making pincushions, mocassins, and other little toys out of the bark of a tree, which they ornamented with coloured beads. The Indian women's dress of cloth does not quite touch the ankle, and, like the trowsers of the men, is ornamented with beads and porcupine's hair. I asked two of these women if they had seen any of our party, and they answered, 'No—no see': then, as if suddenly recollecting themselves, one said:

"'I see young squaw and papoose!'

"We asked her to describe them.

"'She ting on head?' asked the Indian.

"'Yes; a bonnet like this,' I replied, touching my own.

"'Yes, yes, like dat: but noder ting dat fly, fly and gone. I pick up and give her. Den she go on, and little papoose tumble down and cry.'

"At the hotel, we found Catherine and Bruno, who, having also lost the others of our party, had returned alone. We told her how the Indians had put us upon her trail; and she said they had quite correctly described what had passed: the 'ting that fly-fly and gone' was her veil that had been blown off; and 'little papoose' certainly had tumbled down."

It was necessary to go under the falls in the little steamer called the *Maid of the Mist*, which all the handbills assured us made her voyage four times a-day, and was fitted with every precaution against accidents, with *two* engines, so that, if one failed, the other could be put in gearing in *one minute and a half*. These assurances created a delightful sensation of insecurity, and urged us to attempt a

danger which they said did not exist. We went in a car for two miles along a tram-road that leads, by the side of the river, from Niagara Town to the suspension bridge. This is a neat iron structure, about eight hundred feet long, that spans the gorge which the river has dug for itself, and down which it runs below the falls. It is two hundred and thirty feet above the water. We descended to the edge of the water and embarked on the little steamer; and, for some time, glided quietly along the narrow channel between the dark, perpendicular cliffs on each side. We soon came in sight of the two Falls; and, passing near that on the American side, were tossed about on the wavelets occasioned by the Horse-Shoe Fall. The view was very grand of both:—the same, in fact, as we had seen from the ferryboat in June. But here cloaks and capes and macintoshes were delivered out, on payment of ten or fifteen cents for each; and all were advised to wrap themselves in them. We did so: the *Maid of the Mist* proved her right to the name by rushing into the spray of the Great Fall. The foam and froth and

spray dashed so thickly over us that we were blinded; and, of course, could not see anything. Little Bruno, who was under his sister's cloak, began to scream and cry: "Nasty bordeaux! I don't like it now at all!" But the steamer, turning short before it got under the masses of falling water, soon swept again beyond the mist; and the child, putting out its head from under the cloak and seeing the sun glancing on the bright foaming cataract, laughed; and pointed to the water and exclaimed, "Oh, now pitty bordeaux again!"

An excursion in the *Maid of the Mist* can only be considered as an inconvenient method of taking a shower-bath with one's clothes on.

It was at the Falls Hotel that we first saw the American peaches, of which we had heard so much. In the western states, where we had been, they were said to be as plentiful as potatoes and rather cheaper. They had not been ripe when we left Terre Haute; but when in season, they were said to be so plentiful as to be often given to pigs. From what I have seen of them since, I should say that they cannot be better bestowed. Some few of them

have flavour; but very few: and being all cling-stones, those that have it not, are less palatable than a sweet turnip, but have the consistency of waxy potatoes. They seemed, however, to be relished by the company at our hotel. We preferred the bowls of cream ice, which were liberally handed round at dessert. The living at this hotel was very excellent: the company very varied; as it must be in a fashionable hotel, in a fashionable watering-place, in a country where no feeling of exclusiveness is allowed to set any house apart for a particular class, and where all rush to enjoy the best they can pay for. Certainly, if money is easily made in the United States, it is readily spent there. Nowhere else does there appear to be such a magnificent contempt for money as amongst Americans when out of their counting houses.

"The ladies' saloon," writes Agnes, "was, as is usual in the more frequented towns, most handsomely furnished with sofas, and, I was going to say, rocking chairs: but these were the only comforts that were not abundantly supplied. There was only one in the room:

and it was very amusing to see each lady in turn, as she came in, cast her first glance at the corner where it was known to be, and then (seeing that it was already occupied) sigh audibly and settle herself on a sofa opposite, where she could watch, with jealous eye, for the moment when it should be vacant. The instant it was so, one of these expectants would dexterously slip herself into it and enjoy it, as her predecessor had done, till the bustle of a new arrival, or something similar, would call her and all the others to the window. That excitement passed away, she would return to her dear rocking-chair; but alas! some one else, more wary or less curious, had seized the opportune moment, and had stolen possession of the prize for which all contended."

One afternoon, half a dozen young ladies, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, came into the room, followed by one who appeared to be married and the *chaperon* of the party. They sat down, chatting and laughing; and we gathered, from their conversation, that they had left Buffalo to spend a week or two on a

pleasure excursion, under the care of the married sister of one of the party. They stayed about two hours, and then went on to Saratoga.

"I was sitting," writes Louie, "in the ladies' saloon, with mama and Agnes, when a gentlemanly-looking young man entered, with a pretty young lady dressed in complete Bloomer costume. All her hair was rolled off her face, except two little 'saliva curls', as they are called in America. She wore a small straw hat on her head. Her dress, a pretty mousseline-de-laine, barely touched her knees, and fell over a pair of full white trousers that were gathered in round her ankles. She had a very pretty little foot and ankle. When she came in, she took off her hat and a black silk cloak she wore, and seated herself on a sofa, near her husband, then sprang up again, and went to the looking-glass, and put her fingers into her mouth, and began arranging her two pet curls. I felt inclined to hand her a newspaper in which I had just read some verses that urged on the young ladies of New York the impropriety 'of putting the ends of their deli-

cate little fingers into their lovable little mouths', to make these curls; and ended with the request,—

> 'Dear gals! I pray some pity take,
> And no more nasty spit-curls make!'

"Every one was seated at dinner before the Bloomer and her husband entered. A place had been kept for them at the end of the room, and as they walked to it, between the two tables, every one turned round and stared at the lady, and something very like a hiss was heard. However, they seated themselves; but before dinner was over, the general attention and the very audible remarks made were too much for her. She was very young, and coloured very much. She and her husband rose and left the table. Half an hour afterwards, Kenelm saw her husband fetch her hat and cloak from the drawing-room, and then both of them get into a fly at the hotel door, and pull up the blinds. We saw no more of them. One of the boarders told us that a lady had lately tried to walk through the streets of Buffalo in the Bloomer costume; but that she had been hooted and pelted by the boys."

But if we laughed at the Bloomer costume, and at the finery of most of the whining, languishing American women, our two youngest boys were a source of no less wonder, and, doubtless, of no less ridicule to them. They were dressed as English little boys generally are, in white trousers and black frocks, with "wide-awake" hats. This was strange enough to people who clothe their children in shirts and trousers only, until they are six or eight years old, when they give them brown holland frock-coats, like those their fathers wear. But what surprised them most in our little boys, was, that they wore their hair long and curling on their shoulders. This was declared to be so effeminate that many people insisted that they must be girls; and a lady at Cincinnati had seduced one of them into her room that she might satisfy herself of their sex by personal examination.

"I was sitting in the drawing-room," writes Agnes, "when a gentleman, a friend of papa, came to me, and began a conversation by asking how I liked America, and the usual questions. He then remarked on the system that

enabled people to earn and to spend money so easily. 'Who do you think,' he said, 'are those ladies, in a group, dressed in low white muslin dresses and bracelets, as if they were going to a ball? They are neither more nor less than factory girls, who work in the factories of Buffalo during the winter, and gain about twelve dollars a week, of which they lay by half for dress and travelling, in the summer, to Niagara, or Saratoga or Balston Spas. The expense of travelling is next to nothing; and, in the winter, they return to their factories. Some of your British writers speak of their highly intellectual state, and of their contributions to periodical publications..... But,' he whispered, stopping suddenly, as one of them came and threw herself languidly on a sofa near, 'I must hold my tongue from uttering treason, or I know not what might happen.'

"Much as we had doubted their assumed condition," continues Agnes, "we were all surprised to hear what they really were. It was evident they had not been accustomed all their lives to such idleness; for, in spite of all their ribbons and bracelets, their hands and arms

looked coarse and large. But we could not doubt the information given by one of their own nation, who seemed to have the greatest contempt for them; while they, on their part, evidently looked down upon us, who were dressed in simple mourning dresses, as something infinitely beneath themselves, and not worth speaking to,—for which opinion we thanked them in our hearts."

We much enjoyed our rambles in the woods amongst the glorious scenery of the Falls: and our children found endless sources of amusement and interest. At one time, they told us of an unknown cedar tree that bore a tiny flower, resembling, in shape and colour, a miniature fir cone, very much opened, but which always broke off when they attempted to pack it up for carriage. At another time, they had been feasting on the wild gooseberries on Goat Island. One day, when they were wandering through the woods, they saw a man dressed like an European fighting and struggling with a Red Indian on the edge of the bank near the river, and each urging the other nearer and nearer to the dreadful preci-

pice. They were expecting to see them every instant fall together into the wild depth below, when they rolled behind some brushwood and were lost to their sight. One day, Kenelm would find some of the transparent, white soft stone of which the Table Rock is said to be composed, and would carve it into a heart like those sold at the booths on the roadside: at another time, he would seek at the cliff edge for bark like that the Indians worked up; or persuade the man who sat by the side of the Rapids making rings of dyed horse-hair, in which he inscribed "Niagara Falls" and a Christian name, and who said he sold more than he could make of them at half-a-dollar each—he would persuade the good-natured workman to teach him how to make the toys by which he gained an excellent living.

Then there were the legends and the local histories of the place, which give an interest to every island, to every channel: this, they were told, was the point whence, every year, the young daughter of an Indian used to be sent adrift on a frail canoe to float down the cascade, with fruits and flowers, a sacrifice to the

great Water Spirit, while all the tribe sang triumphant dirges on the bank: that rock, near the edge of the precipice, was the one against which the frail canoe, which bore the beautiful and only daughter of their greatest chieftain, chosen at length by lot for the annual sacrifice, struck on its downward course; while suddenly another canoe was whirled out from the shore towards it, and the father arrived just in time to leap into that of his daughter and clasp her in his arms as they both together went down the dread abyss.

Endless were the legends told of this wondrous neighbourhood: in that hollow, the young Francis Abbott, the eccentric English gentlemen who had spent two years in wandering about these waters with his guitar and his flute, holding communion with no one, but pacing the most dangerous terraces in the dead of night, or hanging, by the bough of a tree or by a plank, over the great cataract; in that hollow, Francis Abbott was, at length, lost while bathing and sporting in the Rapid just above the Horse-Shoe Fall.

This was the spot where a party of Western Indians, returning from Washington, were first brought in view of the Falls of which they had never heard; and where, overcome by feelings of awe and reverence, they cast their pipes, wampums and trinkets into the water, as offerings to the water spirit.

Here a large schooner that had been purposely cut adrift, and in which several animals had been cruelly placed, came floating down the rapids, in the presence of twenty thousand people, collected to witness its fate: here it had nobly got over the ledge of rock that formed the first rapid, and had sailed onwards in the centre of the stream; there it had begun to pitch and toss, and the bears, that had gone up the rigging to look about them, had just descended to the deck, when the vessel pitched over the second ledge, and the masts went by the board: there had she sprung a leak, and filled with water, and, turning stern foremost, there had she taken her last plunge over the fall; while the bears, who had leaped into the river, as soon as they saw their whereabouts, swam gallantly for their lives, and reach-

ed the shore just in time to save themselves from being sucked down the cataract.

There, a little higher up, was the scene of those contests which, only a dozen years ago, were so near involving England and the United States in a most rancorous war: when "The Caroline" steamboat, which a filibustering party declared they only employed as a ferry boat between New York State and Canada, but which the Canadian troops believed to be employed with warlike purposes, was attacked in the dead of night at her moorings, set fire to, and, all on flames, sent to drift down the great cataract.

The accidents told of individuals who had met their death, or had been wonderfully rescued from it, amid these whirling floods, were varied and endless. Scarcely a year had passed in which some one had not fallen in and been carried over the falls; in which some boat had not drifted from her moorings, and been sucked down the rapids with the thoughtless ones, perhaps asleep, within her. A few months before we arrived here, a young English lady had overbalanced herself while stretching to pick

a flower, and had fallen over the cliff into the boiling torrent below; and a twig that he caught at, as his footing, on one of the islands in the American rapids, gave way, alone saved my own son from being carried down by the irresistible current. The locality is one of individual danger and excitement, as well as of world-wide grandeur and entrancing magnificence. We had learned to delight in the rapids almost as much as in the falls themselves: the latter, our children asserted, never changed but in colour, while the rapids constantly varied, and the pool or the channel that was perfectly calm one minute, was an eddying whirlpool, or filled with white rushing foam the next.

Although the weather had, in truth, been very hot, I had always found a cool breeze under the trees on Goat, or Iris island, as it is now called, and beside the rush of waters: and I had gained strength while we tarried here. It now behoved us to turn from this glorious scenery. A telegraphic despatch announced to me that the vessel my son had sailed in was expected daily at New York; and I had de-

sired that he should meet us at Saratoga. Thither, therefore, we winged our flight, while the sound of the Great Falls still boomed upon our ears; and the pictures impressed upon the brain lingered and still linger, bright and glowing as the rainbows that spanned that ever-billowy surf.

The Lockport railway-cars carried us, for about five miles, along the table land of Niagara, when we moved into others drawn by horses, which descended the steep side of the hill at the bottom of which lay Lake Ontario and the mighty St. Lawrence. At Lewiston, on the Niagara river, we found a steamer waiting at the village pier, and were soon embarked and carried out into the open lake. The scenery was rather pretty, but nothing more. On the left, were the low hills of Canada, with General Brook's ruined monument: behind us, the wooded ridge we had just descended by the horse tram road, and adown which the river leaps precipitate, and so forms its great cascade: on the right, arose the table-land of New York State, over which we had passed in the railway cars from Albany to Buffalo.

We should have saved several hundred miles had we now returned by the same road: but I could not yet bear the motion of the cars for so long a distance: and what are considered some of the finest points of American scenery, wooed us, also, to another route.

English companies and tradespeople are, in general, thought to understand the art of puffing; but certainly they might take many a lesson from their brethren in America. Every imaginable handbill had been thrust upon me at Niagara, recommending steamboats and railroads, in apparently endless variety, to Boston or New York; and these were all adorned with maps or views of the scenery through which each would pass. I have heard of a bumpkin, about to enlist as a soldier, who studied which was the prettiest cockade before he would commit himself to either of two recruiting parties; and certainly the route by which I now travelled was recommended by a handbill ornamented with a beautiful lithographic drawing and map of the Horseshoe Fall, of Lake Ontario, of the Lake of the Thousand Isles, and of Lake Champlain.

We soon passed out of sight of Canada, and skirted the shore towards Rochester and Oswego. Our steamboat, the *Niagara*, was a fine vessel above deck; the only inconvenience we found was from having to descend for our meals to the gentleman's saloon below, which was not large enough for the number of passengers. The ladies' saloon above was as handsome as usual. Here was a poor lady in the last stage of consumption, travelling with her husband and mother, and only anxious to reach her home and see her only child before she died. She did not appear to be twenty years old herself; but her little boy was of the same age as my four-year-old; and the poor woman took much notice of him on that account. We were all greatly interested in her, and watched her changing countenance under the fatigues of the journey which kept us together for many hours.

I found several intelligent Americans on board this packet, who were going to Quebec, for no other reason, that I could make out, than to study the fortifications. They were not military men; and yet, at this time, there

was no idea of conquering Canada, either by a "filibustering" expedition, or otherwise. The general feeling of all Americans I had met, was in favour of peace: they were all earnest admirers of the Peace Society,—only they must have Mexico and Cuba. They were alive to all the horrors of war, and would not be parties to it on any account short of national honour,—when they had once secured Cuba and Mexico. Cuba lay so convenient to America that they had "concluded" to have it.

"And when you have secured it," I said, "you will find that Jamaica lies so convenient to Cuba, that you will conclude to have it also."

They smiled as if they acknowledged the temptation; but declared that they only wanted Cuba and Mexico.

Their possession of both is only a matter of time; and certainly every well-wisher to Mexico would rejoice to see it incorporated in the United States. Colonists, the descendants of English colonists, seem always to be a more hardy and practical race than those from whom they spring. Colonists, the descendants of Portuguese and Spaniards, seem to lose the

little energy and power of self-government they derive from their parent stock, and to sink more and more in the scale of civilization. Incorporation in the United States is the only resurrection of Mexico. May it be gradually brought about, with the peaceful assent of all interested!

After touching at the pretty village of Sackett's Harbour, we crossed the foot of the lake, and, at five o'clock on the following morning, were off Kingston, a strong military post on the Canadian side. Here the shores of Lake Ontario contract; and, before they finally narrow into the river St. Lawrence, here they form what is called the Lake of the Thousand Islands. Beautiful as are the many engravings published of this scenery, I cannot say that it much disappoints expectation. There are no mountains or rocky cliffs; but, as the steamer threads its way amongst these innumerable low islands, the greater part of which just peep above the water, and bear up their little tufts of fir trees, the effect is quite enchanting. Some of the islands seem no larger than ant hills: some, again, are more irregular in their

shape, and occasionally show a foundation of rock, and a few miniature cliffs; and, when the sun shines over all, they look very green, and the waters glisten very brightly; and all is lovely. In wintry and wet weather, I should think that the Lake of the Thousand Isles must look very like that of the Dismal Swamp. On this day, it was very bright; and nothing could be more charming than our morning's voyage to Ogdensburg.

At ten o'clock, we watched the husband carry his poor, consumptive wife—it was a fearfully light load!—into the railway car that was drawn up, awaiting her. Two of the seats, as I have before described them, were turned, facing each other, and the hollow filled with stools and cushions, upon which a bed was formed for her. I think the poor creature would gladly have avoided this journey, and would have sent for her child to meet her at Ogdensburg; for she made a sign to Lucy, and, with much difficulty, whispered, "Will you be so kind as to call my mother?" And when the mother had leant over her, and heard her wish, she wrung her hands, exclaiming,

"My dear, dear girl, take courage! My dear child, we shall be at home in a few hours!"

The railroad we were now upon had been but recently opened. It went through an uninteresting, uncultivated country, of small fir trees, for one hundred and seventeen miles. The cars conveyed us at a good speed. I felt the shaking quite enough to make me rejoice when, in four or five hours, we arrived at Rousse's Point,—an American frontier village on Lake Champlain, where it contracts into St. John's river. Perhaps it was this sensation of fatigue that induced us to linger at this place; but we watched the poor invalid carried on board a steamer that was waiting for the cars, and then sat down to dinner in the hotel at Rousse's Point.

The coolness and quiet of the excellent hotel here, which was large and newly built, on the edge of the lake, was soothing; and we remained here the whole of the following day, which was Sunday. No other travellers were in the house, except two gentlemanly young men, with whom I had much conversation. I found them, like all Americans, very willing

to converse, and to give every information respecting their own country, while they doubted and questioned everything I told them of England which did not tally with their own preconceived notions of it.

It is a curious fact, that the stone fort at this place, which was commenced in 1815, by the United States government, was, after large sums had been spent upon it, discovered to be within the Canadian boundary, and was, therefore, abandoned for twenty-seven years. After that time, in 1842, the ground was ceded to the United States by the Ashburton treaty; and the fort has been since completed.

At eight o'clock, on Monday morning, we embarked in a large steamer, and passed out of the little bay into the open lake. Open, however, Lake Champlain can hardly be called, as it is studded with islands; but these, being large and lofty, blend in with the scenery of the mainland on either side, and only appear to narrow the channel. The form of its islands, and the ruggedness of its shores, make this by far the most beautiful of the American lakes we had seen. The lands of New York State,

on the western shore, are very hilly; but the green mountains of Vermont, on the east, are beautiful in shape as in colour. The name of that State is no less poetical than descriptive. We lay-to some time off the busy town of Burlington; and then passed on before many a fort and many a mountain renowned in the wars between the Americans, the French, and the English. This is now become the high-road between New York or Boston, and Canada; and visitors to the United States cannot do better than linger about its beautiful scenery, and that of the romantic Lake St. George, which opens out of Champlain. The grand scenery of the United States lies between New York and Niagara, along this route.

On this steamer, with us, were two other consumptive patients—vainly swallowing pints of cod-liver oil. Though consumption is so prevalent in the United States, the climate of Florida is known to be an almost certain cure for it; and Americans travel more than any other people. But— but— Florida is so retired, so dull.....

The lake narrowed almost into a river, hedged

in by steep banks; and, after a delightful voyage of one hundred and thirty miles, we landed at Whitehall, and immediately took our places in the cars that were about to start for Saratoga. It was a long train, and the carriages were exceedingly full of panting humanity, anxious to push onwards. For some reason, the train suddenly stopped: not one inquired what that reason might be. We were delayed for half-an-hour; but not one of the passengers showed the slightest impatience, or did more than quietly remark upon the fact of the stoppage to the neighbour with whom he was talking. Each one was perfectly convinced that all were as anxious as himself to go ahead, and that it was needless to spur a willing horse.

Our forty miles of railroad were soon, however, passed over; and, at sunset, we were in the centre of the life and fashion of the United States: for, at sunset, we were settling ourselves in apartments in the Congress Hall Hotel at Saratoga Springs.

CHAPTER X.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

A New Yorker's account of Saratoga.—The Congress Hall Hotel.—The dinners and the waiters.—American teeth.—The ladies.—The ball.—Arrival of a stranger.—The keepsake.—The Spanish family.—The French family.—The American family.—Gratuitous advice.—Ambition of Americans.—Mendicancy.—Almsgiving at Rome.—Analysis of the mineral waters.—The High Rock Spring.—An Indian encampment. The Indian summer.—End of the season.—American post-offices.—Troy.—The Hudson.—Postscript.

"SARATOGA Springs," says my guide book, "is the most popular watering-place in the United States, and one of the most celebrated in the world. It is a great resort for people from all parts of the union, and, also, from Europe during the summer months, particularly July and August.

"The hotels and other places of accommodation are much thronged, the number of visitors being very great, 2,000 having arrived here in a week. The waters are useful in many diseases, and have an almost magic effect upon

the system, relaxed or exhausted by disease or sedentary habits. After drinking the waters for a short time, which is usually done before breakfast, the appetite improves, and the entire system feels the invigorating effects.

"Here are a number of splendid hotels and boarding-houses, some of which are on a scale of great magnificence. The United States Hotel, situated near the railway depôt, is built of brick; is four stories high; and can accommodate between 300 and 400 persons. Congress Hall, near the Congress Spring, is a favourite establishment. It has a spacious piazza in front, entwined with evergreens, and, in the rear, a beautiful grove and garden."

"Saratoga," wrote a correspondent of a New York leading newspaper in the week before we arrived there, "Saratoga is an oasis of repose, in the desert of our hurry. Life is leisurely there, and business is amusement. Saratoga is a gem-clasped, illuminated romance, for summer reading. It is a perpetual festival. The United States Hotel is the nearest hit we, Americans, can make to Bocaccio's garden. It is a spacious house, admirably

kept, with a stately piazza surrounding a cool green lawn, close shaven, and shadowed with lofty trees. Along that stately piazza, we pass to the ball-room; and, across that lawn, and under those trees to the bowling alley, and, we men, to the coblers. We rise and breakfast at any time. Then we chat a little, and bowl till noon. After dinner, the band plays on the lawn, and we all promenade under the piazza, or in the paths, or sit in the parlour windows. We discuss the new arrivals; we criticize dresses, and styles, and manners: we discriminate the Bostonians, fair, still, and stately, with a strain of scorn in their Saratoga satisfaction; and the languid, cordial and careless Southeners, far from precise in dress or style, but balmy in manner as a fair southern morning. We mark the crisp courtesy of the New-Yorker, elegant in dress, exclusive in association, a pallid ghost of Paris without its easy elegance, its *bonhommie*, its gracious *savoir faire*, without the *spirituel* sparkle of its conversation, and the natural and elastic grace of its style. We find that a Parisian toilette is not France, nor grace, nor fascination. We dis-

cover that exclusiveness is not elegance: that the richest of jokes is an American at a watering-place, loftily looking down upon the life around him. Alas! I know that we are excessively elegant; but, somehow, we don't have a good time. What a pity that our grandfather made so much in the red-tape or wholesale provision trade, and so condemned us to elegance and exclusiveness!

"We stroll down the street to Congress Hall; we make a pilgrimage to its piazza, which used to be Saratoga, the Saratoga of our reading and romance—to Congress Hall, across whose smooth-columned piazza we pass to pay the tribute of our homage to the spot where so much love beat in high hearts, and blushed in beautiful cheeks; to indulge an emotion, and to sip one of those extraordinary claret coblers.

"I am very sorry for the catastrophe; but everything ends in a cobler at Saratoga. Rides drives, dances, promenades, flirtations, the yea and the nay, all culminate in a cobler."

So much for the recollections of the New York enthusiast for Saratoga, published one

week before we arrived there: now for our own.

Our hotel was an excellent one. The United States is a new establishment—a larger and more noisy house: but the Congress Hall was of old-established respectability. Both are situated at different ends of the one great street of which Saratoga almost consists. This is wide; with footways shaded by trees; and is lined with hotels, lodging-houses and stores. A handsome colonnade, in front of our hotel, was intertwined by flowery creeping plants; and a large space behind was shaded by lofty trees. On one side of the entrance-hall was the drawing-room, as handsomely-carpeted and furnished as usual: on the other side was the spacious uncarpeted dining-room. Above, were the bed-rooms—which were rather small.

We found that the late hour of eight was appointed for breakfast, in order that the water-drinkers might first digest their potations. At that hour, we found a long table in the dining-room, well filled with guests, who looked very stylish, and well dressed. Though the ceiling of the room was adorned with paper

"fly-catchers" of every imaginable shape and pattern, the breakfast itself was such as we had been used to. Hot rolls of every description, and numberless little dishes of sausages covered the table, together with large platters of milk toast. This delicacy is made of slices of toast, buttered and sprinkled with pepper and salt, and laid in a dish of warm milk, which serves as a sauce to the rest: most of us were very fond of this American toast. After breakfast, all the lady boarders in the hotel congregated in the drawing-room, where they lounged in rocking chairs, and on sofas—fanning themselves, but without the least show of fancy-work, or other occupation for their hands or heads. When tired of rocking and fanning, they disappeared for about an hour, and then returned with different dresses and different *coiffures*. For awhile, they walked about the room, or under the piazza, to show off their new toilettes; and then sauntered out towards the springs, or the stores in the town. About twelve o'clock, they returned, and spent an hour at the piano, singing or trying new pieces of music; or in their own

rooms, where they made some other change in their dresses before dinner; or put on cloaks, shawls or veils, on pretence of finding the dining-room chilly, because it was uncarpeted; and the thermometer only stood at about ninety-five.

The dinners were excellent: the waiting unique. All the waiters were free negroes. There were about twenty of them: one was quite seven feet high. They were all clad in white jackets, except the steward who directed all. As I had taken my apartments here by the week, one waiter was especially appointed to my family; and a quick, civil fellow he was. The manner of waiting at table was this:—the dinner was to be set down in separate courses: the waiters, standing at equal distances behind the chairs at each side of the long table, turned, at a sign from the steward, and, walking up in Indian file, crossed each other at the top of the table, and then marched along each side of it to the bottom of the room. There they presented themselves, two by two, to the steward, who put into the hand of each, one dish, which he himself had re-

ceived from the cook's people without. Each pair of waiters, on receiving their dishes, separated, and walked down different sides of the table; crossing one another again at the top, and proceeding to their own allotted places, behind the chairs. When all were arrived there, they stood still, dish in hand, with black eyes fixed on the steward. He gave the expected signal; and, instantly, and at the same moment, every dish was set down on the spot before which the waiter had stood. I know not if this was done in order that we, who were to eat, might all start fair; but such was the result—and a very good one it was. The cooking was very good, the viands choice and abundant; and, notwithstanding this delay, all was served hot, except the iced creams, which came in great abundance at dessert.

When each course was removed, and we were all to be supplied with clean plates, knives, et cetera, a requisite number of waiters placed themselves again in Indian file, and walked round the table. As they passed, one laid down a plate, another a knife, another a

fork, another a spoon: the other waiters, forming a row behind, supplied the different articles to those who were to set them on the table.

The whole was very amusing, certainly; but the result was excellent service without delay, and without bustle. Here the waiters were all drilled to a particular style of service; but I would bear my testimony to the general attention and politeness of all free negroes in America. I was so much pleased with these, that I asked the giant one and Peter, the man who had been appointed to see that we wanted nothing, if they would return to live with us in England. They were well pleased with the thought; but, when they heard what were the usual wages given to English footmen, they were obliged, reluctantly, to decline my offer: they could earn more during a four months season, at Saratoga, and have the rest of the year to themselves.

The style of waiting necessarily extended the time of dinner, here, to something of an European length. It was not absolutely requisite to bolt one's food. We have all heard

of the Wiltshire farmer who, before hiring a ploughboy, inquired of him whether he chewed or bolted his bacon: and I have known Americans allege the bolting practices of their countrymen and women as explanatory of their almost universally decayed teeth:—they said that nature would not continue to them that of which they made no use. Tom Moore alludes more poetically to the same painful subject, and compares the prettiest lips of American women,

> "To brightest roses near a graveyard stone,—
> Condemn'd to blush o'er many a mouldering bone."

I believe, however, that the decay we all deplore, is occasioned by the large quantity of sugar and molasses, by the hot bread, and by the iced water alternating with hot tea, in which they all indulge.

The afternoon passed much as the forenoon had done, until five o'clock, when everyone went out of doors to walk. The only exception to this state of idleness was a French lady, the wife of a Yankee, or New Englander: she did not appear downstairs so much as the others; and, when there, she either sat at the

piano, or played at Les Graces with her husband; and played with great ease and agility. The American women looked on with admiration and wonder that she should be able to exert herself so much: they could never have so aroused themselves from their affected indolence and conceit of fine-ladyism.

In the evening, however, after tea, these *precieuses ridicules* all sat round the room, anxious to dance. Every alternate evening, there was dancing at Congress Hall and at the United States Hotel; and immediately after tea, the tables were moved on one side; a few additional lamps were lighted; and visitors from the other hotels came in, dressed in high demie-toilette dresses. A tolerable band entered and settled itself in a corner of the room; and all was ready for the dance—except the men, who seemed strangely bashful. The season, in fact, was drawing to a close; and whether the dancing portion of the company had already left Saratoga, or whether they had expended the energy with which they had begun the season, I know not: but they, certainly, appeared very backward to the

dance. At last, the daughter of the landlord, a little girl of four or five years old, was led to the middle of the room, and danced and gesticulated prettily enough for a while. She was petted and sent to bed: and another pause ensued. The men stood together in knots: the master of the hotel went from one to the other, praying them to choose partners, in vain. Each was too modest to begin; and hoping more from British valour, he next besought my boy, Kenelm, to set the example; but with no better success; for although we were obliged to remain in the room, there being no other, their recent affliction and mourning prevented our children from taking part in the would-be gaieties. At length, two courageous, middle-aged, fat men separated with desperate resolution; and going in different directions, asked the two prettiest girls in the room to dance. The spell of false shame was broken, and dancing began in good earnest.

And earnest, indeed, the dancing was! I never saw more violent exercise taken in such hot weather! I took a letter from my pocket,

and handed round to my children the following doggerel I had scribbled on it:—

What a place is Saratoga!
Every night there is a ball!
Dancing is so much in vogue, a
Native grace pervades it all!
Grace that must be quite Yankee,—
Such Eurōpĕans never see.

Cheerful beyond all expression:—
Polkas, waltzes, and quadrilles:
Dames, in vests and aprons, press on:
Gents, in jackets, kick their heels.
How can ladies, born to languish,
Rock, and fan themselves in state,
Whine and snuffle notes of anguish,
Bear excitement half as great?

Saratoga, happy place!
Land of springs and sprightly grace,—
Springs that bubble as they flow,—
Springs on the fantastic toe——

Enough of such folly. Yet let us take a glance at one or two of the groups who were lodging with us in the hotel. I know not: but probably they are specimens of classes.

But I must first quote a paragraph from Agnes: "We were sitting at breakfast one day," she says, "when our attention was drawn to a waiter coming towards us, and followed

by a man who might have been of any age. His hair was very long, and hung in curls on his shoulders: his whiskers were equally long and were joined to a large bushy beard; his whole appearance was of a most wild character, and he looked like one who had spent his life wandering amongst the woods and prairies. He had a reddish-brown wide-awake hat on his head when he entered, which added to his ferocious appearance; but which, however, he took off when he found himself in the presence of ladies. As he approached nearer to where we were sitting and we could examine him more closely, what was our surprise in recognising the features of our own eldest brother! He had arrived the day before at New York, after a sixty-four days' voyage in a Bristol sailing tub called the *Mary Ann Peters;* where he had allowed his appearance to be changed into what we now beheld. After the first surprise of the meeting was over, he sat down to breakfast; during which papa informed him that he must directly go to a barber and be made to look like a civilised being. This was very disagreeable news to him, for he had a

great dislike to parting with his hair or whiskers; and on a former occasion, he had expressed his grief at a similar cruel separation in a parody he made on 'Vittoria Colonna's adieu to her Husband.'"

"The group that most attracted my attention at Saratoga," writes Louie, "was that of a Spanish family, consisting of a lady and her daughter and a little boy; an Irish nurse who took charge of it; an old duenna, and some men who rarely appeared. They dressed four or five times a-day; but I suppose this is a Spanish custom: for I remember that, some years ago, when we were in a steamer going from Leghorn to Naples, a young Spaniard, who was on board, changed his dress six times in the course of one day. Another family we remarked at Congress Hall was composed of the American and his French wife and their little girl, who was called Corinne, and who was seven years old. Both the parents were young, and the mother was very pretty and ladylike; but she appeared very delicate. The child was a pretty, very thoughtful, quiet child. The lady often sat down to the piano

and played long opera pieces without music. The little girl, too, played very well; and once, when her parents were out of the room, Lucy called her to us and said, "Who taught you to play on the piano?" "No one," said the little girl; who, though not bold or forward, was not in the least shy: "I never learned." "Then how is it you are able to play so many things?" "Oh, I play them all by ear. I don't know my notes: no more does mama: she plays everything by ear." "Could you play the polka that lady has just played?" "Oh yes;" and she sat down and played it directly. "Did you ever hear it before?" "No." I asked her if she spoke French or English with most ease. "Oh, they are all alike to me. I talk English to papa and French to mama: but mama speaks many different languages: she speaks English, French, Italian, Spanish, and German: and sometimes she talks to me in Italian and calls me "Carina." At this moment, her mother returned; and she ran to her. Corinne, and the little Spanish boy, whose name was Manuel, were constantly together.

"Next morning, I was going into the saloon with my two little brothers, when we met the Irish nurse. She stopped the youngest and said, 'Are you English or American?' 'English,' said he, indignantly. 'That 's right, you dear little fellow!' cried she, catching him in her arms and kissing him: 'and sure, is it not a true English heart that he has within him!'

"Amongst those who noticed our two baby brothers most, were an American lady and her unmarried sister. The latter was particularly fond of the elder of the two; and as she often gave him *bonbons* and different little toys, he wished to give her something in return. So, without saying anything about it to anyone, he stole a large lock of our eldest brother's hair, from the paper where Catherine had put the most choice curls that had been cut off; he wrapped it in a piece of white paper, and tied the little packet with a bit of string. He then presented it to the young lady; and, before she opened it, made her promise that she would keep what was inside as a keepsake. When she unfolded the paper, he said, 'Now mind and

keep it, for it is my brother's hair.' The young lady blushed exceedingly; and then, catching the eye of our eldest brother, who was sitting opposite, they both burst into such fits of laughter that they could scarcely restrain themselves. We asked the little one what he meant by giving away his brother's hair; and he replied, aloud and quite unabashed, that he thought people often kept locks of hair, and that the young lady would like that one all the better if she knew it was his brother's.

"One lady and her husband who were staying in the hotel, interested themselves very much in us. They are great people in New York; so I must call them Mr. and Mrs. Forest. She boasted to us that she had many more acquaintances than any lady in the United States. 'For, wherever I go,' she said, 'I make it my first business to know every one and all about them. When I came here, I didn't know a creature; and now,' she continued, glancing her eye triumphantly round the room, 'and now I reckon you'd find it difficult to show me any one I do not know.'

"Thinking that Agnes and I, as the young-

est, would tell her all about our family, Mrs. Forest was particularly attentive and even affectionate to us. She asked the precise age of our three eldest sisters, and then inquired 'how much income papa had a-year.' One day, Agnes and I were sitting together when she came up and said, 'So, I understand that you are twins. Well, now, it's strange; for you are not a bit like each other. Let me see,' she continued, examining us more closely, 'your eyes,' turning to Agnes, 'are blue, and your sister's are black.'

"As we had kept our eyes on the ground, Mrs. Forest could not see them so as to rectify her mistake. She then crossed the room to papa, and talked to him very vehemently, while we saw him listening with a most satirical smile. 'Oh my!' she at length exclaimed, signing to us to come near. 'I can't make your father understand what an advantage it would be to you young ladies if he would leave two of you in America with your eldest brother. I'll answer for it, you'd both be married first-rate in a month or two. Now don't you think it would be much better,

because there are so many of you? I calculate that these two younger ones will soon be old enough to make their *entrée* in the world, so you had better leave two of the oldest out of their way. Come, sir,' she continued, smiling persuasively.

"'Ask my daughters themselves,' said papa; with a very comical look at Ellen.

"'Well, Miss Ellen,' said Mrs. Forest; 'what do you think of my plan?'

"'I am very much obliged: but husbands are not so scarce in the old country that we need exile ourselves to obtain them.'

"'And you, Miss?' she said, turning to Catherine.

"'I am in no hurry to marry, I assure you, Mrs. Forest.'

"The lady turned with a disappointed air to me. 'You had much better, I assure you,' she said, make your sisters do as I advise. It will enable you two to come out much earlier.'"

And thus, all these kind-hearted Americans are ever forward in giving unasked opinions and advice: and though I, more than once,

told them that, in Europe, we should think it necessary to know something of the circumstances and position of people before we proffered to them unasked counsel and dictation, they never took offence at my broadly-implied reproof; but continued blindly to advise, as if I were, like themselves, in the dry goods line, or a dealer in Yankee notions.

The great difficulty of all, however, is to make them understand in what the difference between Europe and the United States consists. Some of them, certainly, revolt mentally, for they would not dare to do it audibly, from the levelling system which compels them to shake hands and converse, as equals, with those whom education, mind, manners, and position in life would, in Europe, keep at a comparative distance. But an American gentleman dare not assert himself, because he will not be independent. His ambition prompts him to be always aiming at something which is dependent upon the favour and votes of his fellow-citizens: and he is, consequently, in the position of an English borough member of parliament, living among the independent

electors whom he represents. His life is a perpetual canvass. If he would retire into private life, he might be his own master: as he will not do so, he must not complain of the penalty his ambition makes him pay.

It is this universal ambition of American men—an ambition that can only be gratified by the universal suffrage of their fellow-citizens—that prevents the division of classes which exists in Europe. But this division of classes, and all the consequences that flow from it, I found it impossible to make Americans understand. At last, I often told those who insisted upon talking of Europe, that, if they had never been there, it were vain to attempt to realize it to themselves. Their preconceived ideas, their prejudices, are so strong that they will not credit anything that contradicts them. "Go and see," is, in truth, the only available answer that an European can give to ninety per cent. of all the Americans who question him about his country.

I have said how the universal ambition of Americans tends to level class distinctions: but the grand social want of America is—

POVERTY. I say this in no unfeeling, unchristian spirit; but, it is evident that, where every one is, like the most ignorant "help" in the Backwoods, independent of his employer, social comfort and domestic quiet cannot exist. To the mass of the population, such independence may be a blessing; but it mars the literary, scientific or luxurious leisure of those who would purchase the services of others to secure repose and seclusion to themselves. I have not travelled through four thousand miles of the United States unsolicited by a single beggar, nor once asked for alms, without appreciating the blessed state of the inhabitants, and internally rejoicing that my feelings were not harrowed by the exhibition of misery which no private charity could remove: neither have I travelled over those four thousand miles without feeling how much more enjoyable the country would be if the order of other societies had not there been reversed—if the employer had not been quite so dependent upon those whom he employed.

I have heard this total absence of beggars adduced as the great charm of America: and,

certainly, comparing it with the mendicancy of the country in which I am now writing, I can well enter into the feeling. Though the absence of mendicancy in America is simply the effect of scarcity of labour and cheapness of food, it has often been attempted to trace its prevalence in other countries to the religion professed in them. I, myself, have not remarked that poverty or industry in the different Swiss cantons was localized with the catholic or protestant religions prevailing in each: but I do feel that the indiscriminate alms-giving, so generally practised by catholics, must promote improvidence and laziness. Although, at Rome for example, it is perfectly well known that certain beggars there possess handsome houses, and give large fortunes to their daughters; yet, seldom does a Roman pass them without giving alms to the impostors; seldom does an Italian leave his home without replenishing his pockets with coppers, which he distributes to the right and left—often, without even turning his head to look at the applicant. Such indiscriminate charity is too much the practice of all catholics. They

obey the precept of giving to the poor; but they take it for granted, that all who ask *are* poor. Their own injudicious alms create poverty, by removing all motives for industrious exertion; while the example of thousands of able-bodied members of confraternities and of monks, living upon alms, (and even farming to others the right to beg in their name) exalts mendicancy into a state of honour: since it is followed by those whom the people are taught to respect.

This, however, is not the place in which to introduce a disquisition on mendicancy and alms-giving. In the United States, there are no beggars; and the country is, therefore, much more enjoyable. In the United States, there is no poverty; and the country is, therefore, much more disagreeable. Leaving the critics, whom I could name beforehand, to pour forth a vast deal of cant and misrepresentation, against what they will call my insensibility to the luxury of alms-giving, and my tyrannical spirit, which would pauperise the people of the United States in order that I might domineer over them, I return to Saratoga.

Taste as well as chemical analysis, prove the waters of the different springs at Saratoga to be, more or less, like those of the Congress Spring, which is the most celebrated of any. These rise under a portico at the bottom of a hill in some prettily-laid out pleasure grounds near the Congress Hall Hotel. They are remarkably pleasant to the taste; as effervescent as soda-water, but more acid; not unlike those of Spa and Schwalbach, but far more sparkling and palatable. The following analysis was delivered to me at the fountain:—

As analysed by D. H. Steel, at the Spring.

	grains.
Chloride of sodium	385·000
Hydriodate of soda	3·500
Bi-carbonate of soda	8·982
Bi-carbonate of magnesia	95·788
Carbonate of lime	98·099
Carbonate of iron	5·075
Silex and Alumina	1·500
Hydro-Bromate of potash a trace	000
Solid contents in a gall.	597·943
Carbonate acid gas	311
Atmospheric air	7
Gaseous contents in a gallon.	318 cubic in.

As analysed by Sir H. Davy, and Professor Faraday in London, from water bottled 7 months.

	grains.
Chloride of sodium	385·44
Hydriodate of soda	4·02
Carbonate of lime	116·00
Carbonate of magnesia	56·80
Oxide of iron	64
Carbonate of soda	56
Hydro-Bromate of potash a trace	00
Solid contents in a gall.	563·46

But Americans who frequent Saratoga, even for the use of its mineral waters, do not con-

fine themselves to any one spring, but drink of all indiscriminately; and swear by them all collectively. It is not, indeed, positive unwellness that brings the thousands every year to Saratoga; but a want to revivify the system, exhausted by over-work. This, they declared to me, was effected by the waters: a fortnight's use of them, they said, was worth so many thousand dollars, and "fixed them up" for the rest of the year. It was impossible to testify more highly to the benefit they wrought.

The Congress Spring was discovered in 1792: but the most ancient and, by far, the most interesting fountain, is called the High Rock Spring; and is now comparatively deserted. It rises in a neglected valley, on the outskirts of the town, and is surrounded by none of that masonic, or garden elegance, that recommends the others. Beside the dusty and neglected road, I found an isolated rock lying, apparently, upon the earth. It was in the shape of the top of a mushroom, and looked like a large fungus. It was about three feet high, and nine feet in diameter at its base. At the top, is a round hole, about

ten inches wide, through which we see the waters rising and bubbling, at the level of the earth around. They used, formerly, to rise through the hole, and, overflowing on all sides, gradually formed the mushroom rock, by some inherent petrifying quality of their own; while the force of their own current kept the channel free through which they rose to the centre. It is said that a tree that grew beside, fell over the rock and split it, so that the waters found some channel through a lower fissure: but the attendant on the spring still lets down the glass through the original hole, and brings up the water fresh and bubbling. It is very pleasant to the taste; and is, medicinally, the same as the more fashionable spas.

This High Rock Spring it is that the aborigines of the country knew and sought, if ever ailing. Birds and beasts, also, flocked to drink its healing waters. I was told that it was first revealed to white men by Sir William Johnson, who then commanded a border settlement, and was favoured of the Six Nations: this officer being ill beyond the recovery of European practice, was conveyed here by

friendly Indians, and restored to health. Soon after, the place was made known to the hunters, who sought it for the sake of the unusual birds and flocks they found in its neighbourhood*. The present state of the High Rock Spring is a disgrace to Saratoga. Let not men of taste, however, follow the advice given in the guide book, and build a small Grecian or Gothic temple above it; let Americans resign themselves to the fact, that no sympathy or bond of union can ever make either order of architecture appropriate to their forests. If Juvenal objected properly to architecture around the fountain of Egeria, how much more out of place would it be here! Let them clean, and clear, and plant the ground around; and build a picturesque wigwam or log-house near it, if they like; those are the only styles of architecture proper to such a locality.

There is a pretty little lake near Saratoga, well stocked with fish and wild fowl. This is a favourite place of dinner-resort: and, in the

* Many scenes in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" are placed near Saratoga and Balston Springs.

afternoon, most of the carriages, that stand idly all day in the shade of the trees before the hotels, are filled with pleasure parties, and rattle off to its quiet shores.

One interesting walk in the neighbourhood is to a little pine wood, at the entrance of which is an encampment of Indians; the remains, I believe, of some of the Oneidas, who formed part of the confederacy of the Six Nations; who were waiting here until government could remove them to their new settlement in the West. They had pitched their encampment at the entrance of the wood; and made numerous small tents, covered with dirty blankets, which seemed to contain their cooking utensils and other property merely. They themselves were collected under sheds covered with boughs and dead leaves to keep off the sun, and were all busily employed making baskets or bead work. The children, who were able to walk, were toddling and crawling on the dead leaves and the dusty earth; the younger ones were tied in blankets, and hanging to the boughs of trees. An encampment of Oneida Indians certainly

sounds very attractive and pretty ; but a party of gypsies, beside an English lane, is more picturesque, and the wanderers themselves seem more civilised, clean, and comfortable.

The Indian summer was now beginning about the Great Lakes, and further Westward; and I much regretted leaving the country without seeing what is described as the most enjoyable season of the year. It extends through the three autumn months, and is often called the "smoke summer," owing to the haze which then pervades the atmosphere, as if the forests and prairies were on fire beneath. Given this haze, the sky is clear and serene, without a drop of rain ; but, also, without any unpleasant heat. The Indian summer is the season for travelling in the Far West.

But all the gaiety and animation of Saratoga was drawing to a close. The throngs of visitors, which had been so great that little cottages in the garden of the United States hotel, and containing only four small rooms on the ground floor, had been let at forty dollars a week; that had so overcrowded the original Catholic

church, that the clergy had been obliged to commence another on a very large scale around and over it; the throngs of visitors that had brought life and beauty, and grace from all parts of the Union, were now about to depart. In one fortnight more, by the middle of September, the hotels would all be closed; the goods in the stores that had made the High Street look so gay, would all be packed up; and Saratoga would be left to the solitude of its own woods and waters. We had passed here ten days pleasantly enough. It was time that we, also, should move onwards; and I had asked for my bill, when a much bescribbled and bestamped letter was put into my hands. I have borne testimony to the accurate management of the American telegraphs: this letter gave evidence of that of the post offices, even in the most remote places; for, amid all the marks and paint that scored it like the face of an Indian warrior, I read that it had been first directed to me in Devonshire, and had thence followed me to Kent; from Kent it had crossed the Atlantic, and had followed me

to Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Vandalia, back to Indianapolis, to Terre Haute, to Niagara Falls, and had here, at last, overtaken me at Saratoga Springs! It is not generally known, that the system of cheap postage and of prepaying letters by stamps was established in the United States before it was perfected in England. The American stamp bears the bald head of Washington, and costs three cents: though this is one-third more than the English penny, yet the postage will appear to be, in fact, very much cheaper, when we consider the incomparably greater distances over which letters have to be carried.

I was charged at Congress Hall, for board and lodging, one dollar and a half per day for each grown up person. We started at six o'clock in the evening by the Ransalaer and Saratoga Railroad; but were delayed so long at Balston Spa and other places, that we did not reach Troy before nine. It was then dark, and we had an uncomfortable scramble to get on board the *Empire* ship, which was just starting for New York. This boat also was very slow, very uncomfortable, ill-managed, dirty,

and rascally in its charges. The whole ship's company was first thrown into confusion by a long fight on board between two of the crew; the linen in the best cabins was very foul; and, next morning, I found the black porter cleaning boots and shoes in the ladies' saloon. Instead of arriving at sunrise, we did not reach New York until eleven o'clock. But, though we regretted the perfect accommodation of the day boats by which we had gone up the North River, there was the beautiful scenery of the Lower Hudson still to console us; the palisades rose as grandly picturesque as heretofore; the water was as blue; the hills were as green; the villages looked as fresh and newly built. We, only, were changed.

The *Empire* steamer jostled its way amid other dirty shipping to its own quay; and we were once more in New York.

Postscript. Private and confidential. I write this heading to caution those who are reading aloud, that they should here pause, and read what follows to themselves. Far be it from me to make my readers gratuitously "eat dirt," as Dean Swift did, on the plea

that "delicate people were people of nasty imaginations"; but the dread of shocking rose-water sensibilities must not prevent me reporting matter that may convey information as to the habits of Americans, and enable us to form comparisons between them and people of other countries. Ladies and gentlemen drive up and down the most fashionable street in Rome, the Corso; and see large boards inscribed, in different languages, "Luogo commodo"; "lieux d'aisance"; "necessary houses", of which they may avail themselves on payment of one halfpenny; and if they do not begin to read the sign-boards aloud, unaware of their purport, no great harm is done; although we may not admire the personal habits nor the regulations of the police and of the boards of health which make such advertisements necessary. Thus, therefore, having warned the said ladies and gentlemen not to read aloud the following statistics of one of the non-naturals in the United States, I proceed freely to the subject, on which much of the comfort of all travellers everywhere depends.

The arrangements of all these places in the

United States are interesting and amusing, from the intended delicacy with which they are contrived. There are no water-closets, or scarcely any, in all the country; but rows of cells are neatly planned, and are kept perfectly clean. We feel, at once, that we have got rid of the filthy foreigners who frequent such on the European continent. One very good arrangement is everywhere followed here:—the places prepared for men are totally distinct and apart from those provided for females. The latter are, very frequently, built out from and communicate, by a long passage, with the first floor of the hotels, while those for the men are under them, on the ground floor, or are in a garden apart, as here at Saratoga. The places provided for the men are subdivided into compartments holding only one seat each, and the door can always be secured by a lock or bolt: but, strangely enough, no such division exists in the temples of the women! A door, which has no fastening, almost always leads into precincts in which are half a dozen or more seats in a row—side by side; evidently planned so that

the ladies may sit there and chat together. And great indignation is always felt and expressed by any of the fair sex who, coming thither in the hope of pleasant converse and society, find the outer door unexpectedly fastened, or held to by sturdy Britishers who prefer being alone on such occasions.

What I have said thus far, applies to every part of the Union that we visited. But, as we went further west, I found a new peculiarity in the men's quarters, though no change in those of the women. In all the places provided for them, an inclined board was fixed across, about twelve inches from the seat behind, and some thirty inches from it in front; so that, before a man could sit down, it was necessary that he should bend himself into the position he meant afterwards to occupy, and so insinuate his person under this shelf! I begged the innkeeper at Indianapolis to explain to me what could be the meaning of so strange a contrivance: and this, again, I learnt was occasioned by the delicacy of the natives. "There is not the veriest loafer on the prairie," he said, "who will touch a seat that another

man has touched, if he can possibly prevent it: and we are obliged to fix those shelves to compel them to sit down; or else their delicacy is such that they would stand upon the seat, with one foot on each side of the hole, so as to avoid the abhorred contact." One other plan is frequently adopted:—the board round the hole is cut away so as to leave only a rim too narrow to afford this footing upon it. This arrangement I have often seen: but even this could not deter a western American from making the attempt on one of the steamers I was on: although, owing to the motion of the vessel, his two feet slipped inside the hole; and he hung there, caught under his arms, while his lower man was being well washed by the water thrown up by the paddles, in the vicinity of which these places are always situated. While masters of steamboats and of hotels adopt these contrivances to counteract the inborn delicacy of native Americans, they cannot prevent them from carrying off, from the reading-rooms, newspapers with which to cover the hated boards and so, in some degree, escape the dreaded contact. In other respects,

the places are always perfectly clean and free from litter.

I think the peculiarities which I have explained are so comical as to justify the mention of them. The greatest stickler for royalty, cannot now consider the American constitution fundamentally wrong.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EMIGRANT.

Time needed to see America.—The people of the interior.—Religious equality.—Catholic emigrants.—Religious animosities.—Roman agents.—The Papal government.—Warning to European Catholics.—Statistics of Catholicism in the United States.—Religion of Americans.—Wisdom of emigration.—Australia, Canada, or the United States.—Free States or Slave States.—Old States or new States.—Choice of a location.—St. Louis.—An improved estate in the backwoods.—Making a fortune.—A wife.—Mode of surveying, valuing, and selling public lands.—The labouring emigrant.—Mortality of New York.—The money-changer.—A decimal coinage.

We have still a few days to spend in New York. Let us devote them to a recapitulation, or rather a classification of impressions received, and of facts collected during the preceding three months. I may be told, that no correct opinion of a people and country can be formed in so short a period. I believe that the commission upon whose report we founded a whole system of poor law by which Ireland was to be regenerated, did not spend half as long a time in that country as I have

passed in the United States. I have, however, from the beginning professed to give first impressions mostly: in a lengthened residence, these would cease to be produced; what seem at first to be new and strange, soon merge into matters of course. A lengthened residence would, therefore, be fatal to the record of first impressions. For more important facts, which I could not learn by a fleeting personal observation, I have been indebted to others whom I would not compromise by naming; but I do not think that any unprejudiced Englishman can look towards America for years with interest, and then, visiting the country, live there for three months, so to say, in public, conversing with natives of all classes and shades of opinion, without fathoming its supposed mysteries, however recondite. I did not find the Americans had anything to conceal. On the contrary, they were very communicative. Many of them, believing that I should publish my impressions, wished me to see every thing with their eyes. I preferred using my own.

But this has no pretensions to be a recondite

work. All that I have wished to do, is to familiarise the English reader with the interior of America. Let him say if he does not "realise" it to his own mind better than he did before I addressed him. Let Americans, also, say in what I have misrepresented them.

Before I left New York, I called on a celebrated publisher there, and told him what I was about to write. We considered together what style of work would be the most taking with Americans. They were disgusted with the Trollope line of vulgar abuse; they were laughing at the volumes of a fair and honourable authoress, who had just told them that all the chivalry of the Old World had betaken itself to the United States, and was incorporated in the merchants and packet agents who *fêted* her. We agreed that the wisest, as the most honest course, would be for me to repeat what I had really seen, and heard, and thought; and we "concluded" that, if I was obliged to laugh at them now and then, they would pardon and be none the worse pleased with my book.

Let it be remembered, that my object in

seeking America, was that I might, with my own eyes, judge of its fitness to receive the swarms of an overcrowded European hive. I did not loiter amongst the cities of the old settled States; I knew that, in those, I could see nothing but a servile imitation of what they believed to be European style; or a republican independence of manner carried to excess, from a natural spirit of opposition to the dictation of a would-be oligarchy of fashion. My object was to see the American people; those amongst whom the lot of the emigrant would have to be cast. But the American people, where were they to be found? The State of Ohio was received into the Union in 1802; that of Michigan only in 1836; that of Indiana in 1816; that of Illinois in 1818; that of Missouri in 1821; that of Iowa in 1838; that of Wisconsin in 1848. How had these immense territories, comprising an area of three hundred and sixty thousand square miles been peopled; if peopled the land could be termed, which even now contained, in the aggregate, a population of only five millions and a quarter, or not fifteen to a square mile?

These fifteen were not Americans born. There were, amongst them, American emigrants from the older States; but there were also English, Scotch, and, above all, German and Irish settlers. Here was a motley population, which nothing but the spirit of American federal nationality could reduce into Americans. These I wished to study. With these, I wished to become acquainted. These are the progenitors of the mighty people who will, hereafter, fill up these immense territories. Amongst these, the lot of the agricultural emigrant will have to be cast.

Let me not be told that they are rude and unrefined in their manners: that they are mere farmers and speculators, and are no fair samples of the American people. I maintain that THEY ARE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: AND THAT THEY ARE WHAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE MUST BE FOR GENERATIONS YET TO COME. The whole of the population of Europe might be set down in the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio without being perceived in those immense districts: the mission of the American government and, consequently, of the American

people, is to occupy, to cultivate, to "fence in" those boundless territories, and others that will then open beyond the far Rocky Mountains and on the shores of the Pacific; the pioneers in this work of wonder and of Providence, they are the American people. They are the bone and sinew and heart of the community. Those who live in cities on the shores of the old Atlantic, are their tools—to carry on their intercourse with foreign lands while an immense people is being built up behind; while the valleys are being laid straight and the rough ways plain, and the designs of heaven are being fulfilled for the benefit of all its creatures.

And admirably is the constitution of the country—however unsuited to the old states of Europe—admirably is it framed to work out the great destiny of this continent. Here are no privileged classes to assert a supremacy and retard the full development of every capacity. Here are no religious distinctions, embittering social intercourse with the jealousies of ecclesiastical polity, or still more, separating the scanty population of a desert by "reserved

lands" for a dominant clergy that may never come amongst them. Each one here believes according to his own conscience, and supports that religious teacher whom he himself prefers. The emigrant, therefore, is not drawn to this state or repelled from that one by legislative enactments or sectarian bigotry. Sectarian bigotry may and does exist. This, however, is an offshoot from the old settled states which the Presbyterians founded in rigid bitterness —unshamed by the liberality of Calvert, the Catholic settler of Maryland. It is, however, chiefly confined to the old states, and has little influence in the more western territories. Let the Irish Catholic emigrants, who are peopling these, beware lest they themselves arouse a spirit which there, as yet, lies dormant; and let the Catholics of Europe take heed lest their own acts be not such as to unite against themselves the honest feeling of every liberal-minded American of whatever creed.

I believe that, in these pages, I have mentioned the opinion, held by De Tocqueville and others, that the Catholic religion would gradually convert to its creed the bulk of the

people of the United States. But if this is ever effected, it must be done by the Catholic religion alone—not by the Catholic polity of Europe: it must be done in spite of the wayward temporal government of the poor Roman States. Catholic emigrants must leave behind them the sectarian bitterness engendered by the persecution of their creed at home: they must forget the past and resign themselves to the quiet fulfilment of the duties of good American citizens. They must seize the opportunities which this free country offers them of learning their own religion (for, with sorrow and shame, I record that almost every Catholic priest I met in the United States expressed his terror at the state of religious ignorance in which most Irish emigrants came to them): they must learn their own religion, and abstain from disturbing and disgusting others by a perpetuation of bitter and factious feelings quite out of place in their new country.

And let those in a higher position in Europe bear in mind the nature and composition of the population with whom they would deal in

amity. I have recorded the ridicule with which I heard all Americans speak of the English Government which, at the time of my visit, was throwing the country into a ferment and was losing a session in the discussion of measures to prevent a little foreign potentate from bestowing upon its subjects vain titles that could have no possible authority or legal importance in the Queen's dominions: and I have expressed the feelings I heard from many that the United States were slighted in that Rome had given a cardinal to England, but had not vouchsafed a similar honour to them. I KNOW, and I hereby make known, that a citizen of the United States would have received the cardinal's hat but that the court of Rome feared to expose one of its princes to the popular sectarian tumults which Trans-Atlantic governments do not seem to have power to repress.

But while I admit the danger and while I make this assertion, I must be just to the Americans; and I must express the doubt I feel whether, in the great majority of instances, these tumults have not originated with the

Catholic emigrants themselves, or in the character of those who were the objects of them. The police of London could not prevent draymen from showing what they felt towards the monster Haynau; and American authorities can ill repress the wrath felt by emancipated citizens against no less notorious politico-religious agents. If the Court of Rome would see its dignitaries honoured in the New World, let it not send there those who have insulted every liberal feeling in the Old.

Upon the conduct of Catholics in Europe and in America, the intensity of sectarian feeling in that country must, therefore, depend. My own opinion is that, unless aroused by the injudicious violence of Catholics themselves, it will never be strong in the new States. But the injudicious vehemence of Irish emigrants, smarting from the state of starvation and of religious degradation from which they have just escaped—who shall stay it? Who shall stay the reckless and wicked violence of their backers in Ireland? Who shall stay the still more damning insolence of their valets and their lecturers in England—of those who exist

and derive their only importance from the state of agitation which they keep up about themselves and their religion? Can we expect that American Protestants, can we expect that even English Protestants should discriminate between these busy venomous agitators and the religion in whose name they profess to bestir themselves? To them, we know that it is useless to appeal: but to the good sense of their opponents, the exasperated Protestants of England and of America, to their good sense and powers of discrimination we do address ourselves. We, English Catholics, English fellow-subjects, do appeal to their right-mindedness, and beseech them not to confound us with the noisy vapourers whom we ourselves denounce. Irish agitators smarting after centuries of misgovernment and spouting, boasting and bullying without concert knowledge or design; English sectarians who have joined our faith, but whose rancorous efforts we have repudiated and have driven to the more congenial laboratory of Ireland—these are not, and must not be considered as, the exponents of the wishes of European

Catholics, as the expounders of the principles and objects of Catholic temporal polity. Let not those who would fairly judge of it seek their evidence amid Irish agitators, or Roman clerical politicians: let them not seek evidence on which to condemn it in lands which they themselves call the most benighted and uncivilized in Europe, amid classes which labour for their own corporate or individual interests.

The Catholic people, throughout the world, wish for religious equality: the great Catholic people of France have long proclaimed it: the Catholic people of Italy have done so wherever they were able to raise their voice: the Catholic people of Piedmont will conquer it and preserve religion to the rest of the Peninsula, by proving that Catholicism and liberty can co-exist even in Italy. Religious equality is the aspiration of us all: not religious toleration:—the word toleration itself implies an insult to which English Dissenters, were they not cravens, would not submit. We would not insult others by tolerating their different opinions—they have the same right to their opi-

nions that we have to ours: religious equality, nothing more and nothing less, is the aspiration of us all. Away, then, with all dominant churches wheresoever they stand! Away with all government grants for any ecclesiastical purposes! Away with all taxation of one man for what he believes to be another man's error! These are the principles of every liberal-minded man, of whatsoever country, of whatsoever continent, of whatsoever creed: these are the principles which the great American people approve and which, I tell them, are really those of the immense majority of thinking Catholics. Let them not attach weight to the petulance of newly-emancipated emigrants. Freedom is so strange to them that they know not yet how to use it. They also, in their hearts, approve the principles I have declared. Give them time to learn how liberal is the polity of the country they have sought. Let not American politicians, for purposes of their own, address raw Irish emigrants as if they belonged to a class apart and had personal wrongs to avenge on another country, and they will the sooner settle down

into those habits of thought and of quiet citizenship which have already won over the countrymen and co-religionists who have preceded them. Religious animosity should not degrade the conduct and principles of those American "Know-Kothings" who profess to require merely that emigrants should not exercise the rights of American citizens until they have time to learn something of the American constitution and polity. If they require more than this, they themselves are traitors to the memory of Washington.

The number of Catholics in America has, however, been immensely overstated. In reality, there are six Archbishoprics, two Apostolic Vicariates thirty-one Dioceses and Bishops, twelve hundred and seventy-one Priests, twelve hundred and forty-five Churches, and in the whole of the United States but one million six hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred Catholics. This was the nearest estimate that could be formed by the Bishops themselves in the year 1851: since then, the number has, doubtless, greatly increased by immigration and by conversions. But still it forms but a small

part of the twenty-four millions who people the Union. Numerous or few, however, as the followers of that religion may be, their safety and progress depend upon their honest fulfilment of the duties entrusted to them by the constitution of the country. The country knows them as citizens, and as citizens only. Let them prove, by their conduct, that they seek for and would accept no other designation; that they appreciate, as much as others, the free institutions under which they live; that political organization ought to be, as it here is, independent of religious convictions; and that, as they would never permit others to assert a political superiority on account of their religious belief, so they themselves would never hope for, or strive for, or accept it in favour of their own. These are the principles inculcated by the Catholic clergy and laity of the United States.

But if the number of Catholics in the United States is so small, what, it will be asked, are the religious convictions of the rest of the inhabitants? In respect to no other country in the world would it be so difficult

to answer this question. Judging from the number of churches in every town and village, one would say that, in no other country in the world, was there so much piety; though, as those churches belong to different bodies of religionists, in no other country in the world was there so great a variety of faith. Episcopalian Protestantism alone seems in a most decided minority: indeed, except in the large cities, it may be said scarcely to exist. It is looked upon as having political tendencies, and as showing a leaning towards the institutions of the Old World, in those who frequent it. But the religious convictions of the American people cannot be safely judged of by the number and size of their churches; else would every state and every city contain a temple larger than St. Peter's of Rome, to the unmentioned god to whom no temples arise, and yet whom each one worships openly and in private. To the DIVINITY DOLLAR no fanes arise; but let Americans count his worshippers, if they can!

We are assured, that the mass of American men are infidels: I deny it; but they have

not time to attend to religion. They take no shame to themselves to own as much of themselves. While business engrosses their every thought, they are not infidels, but pantheists; they admit, but they deny nothing; their inclinations, so far as they believe at all, are either towards Catholicism or pure Deism. They contribute to support one or many different forms of worship, not because they believe them to be true, but because religion being dependent upon the voluntary principle alone, it is the duty of a citizen to support it. Hereafter, when they have time to think on the matter, they will study whether any, and which, of the many forms of faith ought to be exclusively believed. In the meanwhile, they must attend to their business. This is not infidelity: it is not indifferentism: it is imperfect and slothful deism; ignobly yielding the interests of an unknown future to the passions and pursuits of the present.

Let it be understood that these observations do not apply to the New England States; of these, I know only that they let down their clocks on Saturday night; and that they brew

beer on Mondays, lest it should not have done working by Sunday.

Let us return to my experiences with the hardy pioneers of the Far West; with those amid whom I contemplated that the lot of an agricultural emigrant ought to be cast. This must, however, in a great degree, depend upon the amount of funds which the emigrant is able to bring out with him. I assume that a young Englishman with five thousand pounds, whose parents have not brought him up to any profession whatever, because they knew that military rank was a poor investment of capital; that the navy, without patronage, was a midshipman's berth; and that both, as well as other professions, implied a youth and manhood of dependence and toil, rewarded, not probably but perhaps, with success obtained when on the wrong side of fifty; I assume that a young Englishman, so brought up, and with such a capital, wishes to marry, and to have the comforts of an independent home. We all know that he cannot secure these in England on the interest of five thousand pounds, and maintain his position as a gentleman. If his

capital is less, it will be by so much the more impossible for him to realise his wishes. He resolves, therefore, to emigrate. He may go to Australia and work in the gold diggings like a labourer; or he may speculate there in land or in sheep; and if he buys either at two shillings a-piece or a foot, and sells them at ten, he may have made a fortune. But it is speculation after all; and a prudent young man will prefer the security of an investment in the soil of the American continent. His doubt then is, where to locate himself. Many advantages will seem to recommend Canada; but he will find that, in real fact, sixty per cent. of those who try it, percolate afterwards to the United States. He neither knows nor cares what is the cause of their failure; but he will not waste time and money in attempting what so many give up after having made the attempt. Of the United States, the Slave States are at once rejected; because, (although he may there organise his house with greater domestic comfort, and with greater comfort as to domestics, and may find less to outrage his feelings and pride of birth), he knows that

slave labour will be more expensive than free labour in the stocking and working of his farm; because he knows that his land, instead of improving in value, will greatly deteriorate for want of the competing crowds of emigrants who throng to the Free States; and because he will feel loth to expose himself, his wife and his future family to the influence of the immorality which necessarily perverts a slave community.

Driven, therefore, to select the Free States of America, the question will be whether he should prefer one of the old or one of the more newly settled States: whether he should buy land from companies or individuals who have already partially cleared and built upon it; or whether he should take it wild from the State commissioners at the upset price of one dollar an acre. In the old States more than in the new, he will find partially cleared farms in plenty; and if he can meet with a real bargain, and has money to indulge his idleness and love of society, let him take one by all means; but let him be aware that, in the majority of instances, improved estates are not

sold unless the owner finds that, for some reason or other, they do not answer; and that they are always worth more to their neighbours than they can be to a stranger; from which he will suspect that, if the neighbours do not buy the land, it is because they know too much about it.

His amount of available capital must, however, in a great degree, rule the emigrant's judgment in these matters. He ought to reserve half of it to stock and cultivate his land; and if, with the remainder, he has set himself down amid expensive and wealthy neighbours, he will be excluded from their society, and will be little better off than he would have been in England as owner or occupier of a little farm surrounded by a wealthy squirearchy.

The hope of a congenial society may plead in favour of an already improved location in a settled neighbourhood, in opposition to the scattered farmers, the pioneers of a new region. To an educated man with the habits of a gentleman, the difference will be that of the servant's hall and of the housekeeper's room.

The emigrant will consider whether the difference is worth any sacrifice on his part.

Let it not, however, be thought that I would compare the old or new agricultural settlers in the United States to the menials of an English house. I use the phrase for the sake of comparison only. I do compare the agricultural settlers of the United States to the tenant farmers and yeomen of England; though I think that, being more independent, they are better educated, have better manners and more hardy intellects. These, more than any others, are the companions in whose conversation and pursuits the settler in a new country will find amusement and instruction: their interests will be his interests. Let him, therefore, select the best possible location he can find, without heeding the "gentility" of the neighbours who surround him.

I think I have said enough to show that my own opinions incline towards unimproved land in a Western State. Which State should be preferred, may be a matter of more personal consideration. Michigan and Wisconsin are too far north, and the latter is being so filled

up with Germans, that the character of the people must be, more or less, forming itself upon that of the parent stock whence the emigrants derive. Ohio I do not like; the "Buckies" are a conceited, self-sufficient race, —besides that, as we have before recorded, no government land can be had there unless in unhealthy districts. The "Hoosiers" of Indiana are a fine intelligent people; but, both in that State and in Illinois, good virgin land cannot be easily met with; and the only outlets of Indiana being by Lake Michigan and the Ohio, it is somewhat out of that track of rapid progress on which the emigrant may fairly count for the improvement of his property.

I can give no other advice to the emigrant, than to follow the plan which I had myself formed after much study and consideration, and which personal inquiry in the Western States still further recommended to me: let him go to St. Louis and look about him. In my opinion, St. Louis will, at no distant day, be the largest, the most populous, and the richest city in North America. It is as nearly as possible in the centre of the continent: the Mis-

souri, by untold thousands of miles on its own waters or those of its tributaries, brings the produce of unbounded states to it: the upper half of the Mississippi floats down to it the wealth of eight hundred miles of territory from the Falls of St. Anthony; while it is able to send them all off by the lower Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, or by the Illinois river and ship canal to the great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Northern Atlantic. Such a situation, in the midst of a fertile agricultural, mineral, and coal district, is unrivalled in the whole world; and railways are even now uniting it with the Pacific Ocean. In the last ten years, the population of St. Louis has increased from sixteen to eighty-three thousand,—an increase unparalleled in any other state in the Union. In the society of St. Louis, the emigrant will find more of variety, and more of French manners, than in any other American city, except New Orleans. Here let him pause; and without hastening a decision, here let him inquire for a location as near as he can find one to the city, and combining the desiderata that I have suggested. He will

scarcely find one on the eastern bank of the Mississippi: the western bank is low, and even the neighbouring hills are not considered healthy: moreover, Missouri is a slave State; and although, being the last and nearest to free States and to Canada, the bonds of slavery cannot be very tightly drawn there, still it is open to the immense objections before suggested. The emigrant will, probably, be led to the neighbouring state of Iowa, as offering all that he seeks in greater perfection than he could find it in any other part of the Union. St. Louis will still be his market town and his capital; his centre of commerce, of society, and of refinement.

All, however, ought to be dependent upon climate: no advantages can counterbalance an unhealthy situation. We ourselves had suffered in the rich valley of the Wabash; and the river bottoms in America are known to be generally unhealthy. But it is not to be supposed that a partially-cultivated country is less subject to ague, and fever, and disease than a perfectly wild one. The wild, unbroken country is generally healthy. The miasma

that produces disease is generated by the decomposition of vegetable matter—of trees cut down, or prairie roots turned over and rotted in the course of cultivation. The emigrant should secure as large a tract of land as possible: and begin cultivating at the point furthest from his own dwelling.

And let not the young man who has nerved himself to found a home for himself and his children beyond the Atlantic, dread the solitude or the hardships of a first settler in the backwoods or prairies of the Far West. Will he not have greater pleasure and excitement in planning his house, his homestead, his territory, than his elder brother can ever receive from laying out new gardens around the ancestral mansion? This will be the ancestral mansion of another branch from the ancient stock: here will it establish itself; with no vain, mawkish hope of returning to the old country; with no divided allegiance that would prevent it from ever feeling at home. Here has the emigrant cast his lot; and here will he see his children grow up around him, in the proud conviction that he has secured to himself and

to them a future beyond want:—a property that must, every year, increase in value with the increasing cultivation and improvement of the country:—a neighbourhood that must rise with him, and from the same causes, in wealth, in intelligence, in importance, in refinement. And, unless it be deemed that the pastoral Abraham was a worse gentleman than William the Conqueror, the children of the agricultural colonist need not blush to meet those of the descendant of the Norman soldier.

I am aware that the prospect I am opening would not suit a speculator: and let none such attempt agricultural emigration. Let none attempt it who are bent upon making fortunes rapidly and retiring from business. Fortunes are not made rapidly by farming: and farming is a business requiring constant supervision. Whoever buys land here must farm it himself; for tenants are not to be found. Where land may be so cheaply purchased, who would be a tenant where he might be a landlord! And in this, in fact, consists the whole advantage of agricultural emigration, such as I have been contemplating: the young

man of agricultural and other tastes such as I have pre-supposed, might occupy land in England and live as comfortably on the fruits of his industry: but he would occupy it as tenant only: the land would go from him at the expiration of his lease, and any increase in its value would have to be paid for by whoever next rented it. In the Backwoods, the land would be his own: the increase in its value would be for himself or his children: he would not be able to accumulate a fortune upon it, any more than does the tenant farmer who pays, or the moderate country gentleman who receives rent in England: he must look upon the land itself as his fortune, and must resolve, by industry and perseverance, to grow into a country gentleman with other emigrants, the founders of other families around him.

Two days ago, since all the foregoing was written, I received a letter from Kentucky, which says, "the country to the north-west of this has, of late, been put in the market, and is decidedly the best country in the world for farming or buying lands with regard to re-selling. Almost all the immigrants go there

now; and some of the finest lands in America can be bought there for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.....Shall we ever have the pleasure of seeing you again in the west? You should have a township or so of land purchased for you in Wisconsin or Minnesota, and your log-houses built before you come; and then you could, at once, have your trout-fishing and deer-stalking without any trouble."

Very delightful in imagination! but not such imaginations as the young emigrant ought to indulge. He has not to spend a fortune nor even to make one: but he has to earn his living and found his family, by prudence and perseverance and attention to his business, varied only by such deer-stalking and trout-fishing as could be indulged in by a steady English farmer who had the right of shooting over the lands he rented.

One other question still remains; a question that, I doubt not, will be more interesting than any to the young man whom I am supposing to emigrate:—should he take a wife with him, or marry an American, or return and fetch a country-woman? To return and

fetch one, would imply buying a location first without the counsel and assent of one on whose approval his happiness must hereafter depend, and leaving it when his presence will be most needed to conduct his improvements. Marrying an American implies devoting himself to a perpetual colic—for the whining, pining, helpless, lack-a-daisical affectation of fine-ladyism which the American sex appear to think so attractive, must act as a perpetual blister or rather colic upon any Englishman, when he remembers the frankness, heartiness, life and nature of a well-born, well-bred Englishwoman who has no position to affect or to strive for. No doubt, all this that I object to in American females is only manner: they are loving, faithful, virtuous, thrifty wives, and most affectionate mothers. I merely describe their manners as they impressed me. If my would-be emigrant thinks them attractive, let him select his wife from amongst them. In the class amongst which he is going to settle himself, he would scarcely find education and refinement and domestic habits suited to his own: he would not find sympathies

in his own tastes or common recollections of the past: but he might form connexions that would be useful to him in business, although he himself, like poor Mr. Long, should be a stranger and an alien amongst them; and his wife would have friends, counsellors and supporters against him whenever, with English thrift, he objected to her taking the horses from the plough, at the busiest season of the year, and harnessing them to the rough-and-ready for a holiday's excursion,—according to the habits of American farmers' wives; and his father-in-law might remind him, with the docility of American farmers and husbands on such occasions, that it was cheaper to lose the use of the horses than to be kept awake all night by complaints, and unfitted for business on the following day. Such interludes are common in the life of American farmers.

The experience of all emigrants, in every country, asserts that the whole comfort and success of the undertaking depend upon the good will and adaptability of the disposition of the wife: let no one, therefore, attempt it if he has an old or a young wife, whose tempera-

ment, character or caprice is opposed to his plans.

In all these considerations, I have confined myself to the case of the independent agricultural emigrant with some amount of capital. The less his capital, the more need, in my opinion, for him to emigrate. I know little of any other classes in business. By those who had embarked in other business in the interior, I was told that the advantage over England lay in the smallness of the capital required to open a store, and in the immense profits which absence of competition enables the tradesman to exact from his customers.

Let the mere labourer or the artisan who lands at New York instantly push on to the interior. The further he goes, the less competition will he meet with. As a general rule, let him only avoid an unhealthy climate and a large town by any water side at which other emigrants easily arrive and congregate. There is hardly a village or market town in the interior where a common farm-labourer could not secure two shillings a-day wages, with board and lodging; and where he might not

hope for more health and independence than he could have in the large cities. I was assured by one well acquainted with the charitable institutions and statistics of New York, that the Irish emigrants who land and remain there do not, on an average, live more than six years!

But the whole mortality of New York city is frightful. With a present population of five hundred and fifteen thousand (it has increased two hundred thousand between 1840 and 1850), with a population about one quarter that of London, the deaths are about half as many. For the last seven weeks, the mortality has averaged 476 per week. During the last week of which I have the returns, ending 19th August, there were 469 deaths in the city:—men, 78: women, 72: boys, 185: girls, 134: of these, there died of apoplexy, 17; consumption, 38: marasmus, 35: convulsions, 33: cholera morbus, 2: diarrhœa, dysentery, inflammation of bowels and infant cholera, 142. Of the total 469 deaths, 165 were under one year of age and 309 under ten years. From 10 to 20 years of age, there were 15 deaths:

from 20 to 30, 49: 40 to 50, 22: 50 to 60, 17: 60 to 70, 7: 70 to 80, 9: 80 to 90, 3: 90 to 100, 2: 100 and upwards, 1.

But we must not charge strangers with this great mortality, since, out of the whole number, Ireland only supplied 8 deaths; England, Scotland, and Wales, 18; other foreigners 37: the deaths of coloured people were only 8; those of others born in the United States 346.

Notwithstanding such a mortality, the increase of the population of the whole of the United States, now amounting to twenty-three millions and a half, has kept on its even pace; the census taken every ten years since the year 1790, shows that it has always progressed at a ratio varying from thirty-two to thirty-six per cent. The increase of the slave population (amounting to three millions and a quarter) has gone on at an almost equal rate, having been always from twenty-seven to thirty-three per cent. Now, as the number of slaves is not recruited by emigration like that of the white men, it is evident that the slaves, who now equal what was the whole population of the United States sixty years ago, would, with-

out emigration, out-number the native whites in the course of another half century.

I went to Mr. Beebee to draw from him the money I had left in his hands. He expressed his regret that I had not invested it in the coal mine he had so strongly recommended to me; and then asked me how I would take the amount.

"In gold eagles," I replied.

"In gold eagles!" he exclaimed. "You will find them very troublesome and heavy. What can be your motive for taking it all over in cash?"

"As to the weight," I answered, "that will be at the charge of the engines of the *Asia* steamer. My only reason for taking gold is, that I see by the newspapers, that large sums are weekly exported from here to England; and, I presume, that there must, therefore, be some profit on the transaction."

"You will find gold very troublesome, I assure you, sir," said Mr. Beebee. "You had better let me give you a letter of credit on my correspondent in London."

"But will not your correspondent charge commission?"

"Well now, perhaps he might, but it would not be much."

"But I should lose the advantage, whatever it may be, of taking the gold."

"Well now, I guess you are wrong. There has been some little advantage certainly in sending over gold, but the exchanges are turning."

"I will run the risk," I said.

"Well, sir, you must do as you like. You conclude, then, to take gold eagles, do you?"

"If you please," I replied; the more determined to take them, the more I saw that he was averse to my doing so. Mr. Beebee went and gave the needful direction to his cashier.

"Have you quite concluded to take this in gold?" he again asked. "I guess you are wrong."

"I am quite resolved," I replied, smiling.

Mr. Beebee went again to his cashier; and, returning, said, "Gold eagles, yes,—there is some profit upon them in England. You go by the *Asia*, do you, sir? I myself am sending over a million of dollars in gold eagles by the same ship."

Who could blame Mr. Beebee for wishing to have a few thousand more to send over on his own account rather than on mine?

I must take this opportunity of recording my admiration of the American coinage. I have before spoken of the paper money; but the metallic currency of the United States, both gold and silver, is more beautiful than that of any other country I have ever seen. For the purposes and conveniences of commerce and accounts, it has all the beautiful simplicity of the French and of other decimal coinage. America, France, the greater part even of Italy, have adopted that coinage: parliamentary committees have borne testimony to the excellence of the system; but Sir Robert Peel so bothered all the intellects of the nation by asking them "what is a pound?" that English financiers seem quite terrified by the difficulties of the transition. And even that which has been proposed would be of little benefit. So long as three denominations of coins are recognised in accounts; so long as three columns are necessary for £ *s.* *d.*, or their substitutes, we can never

have the simplicity of other states. Cents and dollars suffice for America; centimes and francs for France; grani and docati, or bajocchi and scudi for the Neapolitan and Roman states. Let England be satisfied with pennies, and a coin that may be worth one hundred of them. Make gold and silver coins of the value of one hundred pennies: call them Victories, and let all accounts be kept in pennies and Victories. The present coinage may remain as it is, until you wish to coin others; then coin decimal pieces only; but until then, let a shilling be called twelve pence, half a sovereign, one Victory and twenty pence; a sovereign, two Victories and forty pence; thus 2*v*. 40*p*. The public apprehension will easily grasp the change without endeavouring to fathom the mysterious qualities of "a pound": and it might be facilitated by letting a number of the coins now in existence pass through the Mint, and be legibly stamped with the number of pennies they represent. No change of value in buying or selling, in wages or taxes, would be required; only, instead of paying or receiving a certain number of pounds and shillings, the same

amount would be received or paid under the name and designation of Victories and Pennies. A good plan! a capital plan! I submit it to the common sense of England.

Postscript. *May*, 1855.—I feel that the reader is entitled to ask for some further account of the educational system of the United States:—Whether the hopes with which I left my sons at the College at Cincinnati, from whence they were moved elsewhere, were realised: whether I would recommend other parents to follow the same plan, and to entrust their boys to the teachers of the country in which they are, hereafter, to become settlers. A few words will convey my own impressions, and will enable each one to judge for himself.

It has been already stated that all the best schools and colleges in the United States are in the hands of Catholics—either Jesuits or religious of other orders. It has been stated that the bulk of scholars at all these schools, convents, and colleges, are Protestants; that their religion is not tampered with by their teachers; but that they are received because the Catholics are too few to support exclusive

establishments. In the towns, the majority of pupils are day-scholars—the children, therefore, of parents who have not time, as yet, to think of any religious creed for themselves or their offspring—the children of parents who have risen or are rising out of a state of labour, of toil, of traffic, of thrift, and of consequent domestic habits which ill qualify them to associate with the children of more refined classes or households.

In the ecclesiastical seminaries—to one of which two of my sons were removed—there is, of course, no such diversity of religious belief.

All these colleges and seminaries profess to teach the classics, the modern languages of Europe and every science. Nothing can be better than the prospectuses and professions they put forth; but they are professions only. The result is a most imperfect study of Latin; little or no Greek; such a smattering of modern languages as can be picked up from a New Orleans lad, or other pupil who is made professor to the school of his own *patois;* and the most superficial acquaintance with any science. The teaching, in fact, is nought: and, as the

quarterly reports sent home express satisfaction with the progress made by pupils who learn nothing, the expectation and intention of the teachers is also, evidently, nought.

Association with the self-dependent and wide-awake American boys does, however, so sharpen the wits and arouse the energies of English lads, that, on their return to England, my boys were able to recover the ground they had lost in mere learning; and if they ever go back to the United States as settlers, they will certainly be much more likely "to go a-head, and to be made presidents," than they would have been had they received their whole education in Europe.

American colleges are considerably more expensive than the Catholic colleges of England.

CHAPTER XII.

THE "ASIA."

Cunard's and Collins' steamers.—The Californians.—Farewell to America.—Trial of speed.—Life on board the *Asia*.—Liverpool fogs.—The Custom-house officers.—Accommodation and comparative charges in America and in England.

I HAD just given Mr. Cunard the company's rather exorbitant charge of one hundred and twenty dollars for each of the eight berths I had engaged on the *Asia* steamer, from New York to Liverpool, (and on which fee but a small reduction was made in favour of our many children), when some one came in exclaiming, "So; it is the talk of all New York that you have bought the *Baltic* steamer from Collins' line."

"Buy one of the Collins' steamers! What should we do that for?" asked Mr. Cunard.

"People say that it is to tow your own across the Atlantic!"

The *Baltic* had, in truth, just come over

again in an unusually short time; and the wits of New York got up this report against the rival company.

On our return to the hotel, we found a crowd around it in some commotion: several carriages and omnibusses had just driven up filled with passengers newly landed from a Californian vessel. The wildness of the appearance of these gentlemen was beyond description: covered with beard and hair; tanned to the colour of mahogany; dressed in garments of every shape and hue; they looked like Italian banditti run mad. One of them had brought over a couple of young lions, and had already housed them in the hotel, where their growling and roaring sounded very fierce. I was much amused by the bashful politeness of this apparent savage. I was standing at the door of our room, whence Lucy had just gone out, when I saw the owner of the lions meet her in the passage, carrying in his hand two very fine pine-apples. He stopped and hesitated as he passed on; but then returned and bowing like a civilized being, said, "I hope the young lady will excuse me. I have

these pine apples which I don't like to leave to the helps. I calculate you are going to travel and know a good pine apple from a bad one. You'll do me a favour if you will accept these, which are of the best, and fresh from California."

Excellent, indeed, they were; and I beg to thank our unknown purveyor for them. I was quite proud of my daughter's conquest. It is not every English young lady who, passing from one room to another in an hotel, has tamed a wild Californian, the owner of two lions, to offer her pine apples from the river of San Sacramento!

When I was at Mr. Beebee's, a little urchin about twelve years old, but tanned as dark as a Mexican, and looking impudent and knowing enough to be of any age, had entered and laid upon the counter a paper containing a quantity of Californian gold dust and small nuggets, without uttering a word. The man put it in the scales and told him what it weighed. The boy nodded assent. The man told him what was its value. "I guess you can give six dollars more than that," said the boy.

"Not a cent. Go and try elsewhere."

"I have; and I conclude to take your bid," said the little scamp, holding out his hand; and then walking off with the cash, without uttering another word.

At the head of the twenty-four Catholic churches in New York, is a gothic cathedral built entirely of wood. It is a handsome and a spacious church; but another is being erected more worthy of an archdiocese. As we had all besought the blessing of Providence at Havre before we embarked for the United States, so we now, also, committed ourselves to the same merciful Protection; and entrusted to heaven's high keeping those of us from whom we were about to be still more widely parted. Then hastening across the North River, a small steamer conveyed us on board the *Asia* just as she had weighed anchor and was preparing to start.

"With mingled feelings of regret and of pleasure, (for we were no longer an undivided family, and we still had a tie to that land, formed by those we left there), with mingled feelings of regret and of pleasure," writes

Agnes, "we touched American ground for the last time."

"It was a delightful sensation," says Louie, "when we felt the vessel move and knew that we were on our way to England once more. Oh! never did we feel such patriotic love of England as then glowed within us! Everything seemed better because it was English; and we could not imagine an imperfection in England. We soon began to look back to our journey to America as to a dream: and yet we felt that it was a sad reality. We missed the sister we had all loved so much; and our three brothers seemed almost as much lost to us."

"We soon fairly started," writes Lucy, "and left for ever the land where many bright dreams were to have been realized, but where, instead, we had met with sad realities. The country that we had entered full of hope and spirits and all together, we left sad but resigned:—with the knowledge that the happy family could never again be united on earth. Our three brothers, whom we left behind, we could not hope to see for a long time; but

though we left the body of our youngest sister under American soil, her bright spirit hovers near us still.

"This was the first break-up in our family. Seven months afterwards, Catherine, the self-devoting and meek sister, and the most loving of daughters, obtained the long-wished-for permission to devote her life to acts of self-denial and of charity, to the care of the poor and of the sick in the Convent of Mercy in Bermondsey. This separation we had always expected: but what was our surprise and sorrow to hear that, on the same day on which Catherine sought her convent, Ellen would also enter another of the same order in London! The one who had ever thought of all others more than of herself, and the one who had enlivened us all with her high spirits, both on the same day left their home to serve Him who said 'there is no man who hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or lands for my sake, who shall not receive life everlasting.' Frank, too, who had been certain that, with three dollars, he could make a fortune in America, became a novice in the

seminary of the Lazarist fathers in Missouri; and, although recalled to the college in England in which Kenelm had put on the Benedictine habit, and was preparing himself for the Church, still believes that he has a vocation to preach the Gospel to the native Indians above the Falls of St. Anthony, in the wide territory of Minisota."

Our steam was up; and we were going on at full speed towards the Narrows, when we perceived an American steamer coming after us very fast. It was immediately recognised as a new vessel just launched; and it came out on a trial trip of speed against us. Our colours had just been taken down, but they were immediately hoisted again with a great show of bravery. On came the little American. Sailors say that a stern chase is a long chase: it was not so in this instance. She soon came up to us; while a shout of triumph burst from her deck, she passed us, tacked, and passing us again on the other side, returned towards New York.

Our first dinner was a sort of roll-call of all the passengers on board the steamer, when

they were able to pass one another in review, and to be inspected by the captain, who assigned to each a place at table according to his own ideas of precedency. We were well pleased to find ourselves all together at his own table. He was a talking, good-humoured man—an excellent man to do the honours to such a company. After dinner, he asked to see what state rooms my party had secured; and, finding that my wife and I had given up ours to our girls, in order that they might be all together, he very civilly requested us to accept his own, which was the largest and best in the ship.

The company on board the *Asia* was, I presume, much the same as the usual class of passengers in such boats. After the first dinner, the majority of the ladies took to their cabins, where they remained during the greater part of the voyage; the majority of the gentlemen passed their time in walking the deck, to acquire renewed appetites, and then in eating them away again. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea did not sufficiently occupy the day for many; supper, therefore, was added to the list of meals. The living was pretty good,

though scarcely what it ought to have been considering the charge; and as no live meat had been taken on board, that which was fresh when we left, was hardly eatable when we arrived. Two of the passengers had with them a child, whom they and we all believed to be suffering from a violent attack of small-pox; and I went to the surgeon to remonstrate against its being left at large amongst the other children. The company advertised that their steamers had always "an experienced surgeon on board." I was informed that the surgeon was now experiencing the effects of the last jovial supper in which he had taken leave of his friends at New York; and would not be able to give an opinion for the next two days. After that time, it was discovered that the father of the child was a householder of some influence in Liverpool; and I could only obtain that the sick infant should be restricted from the gentleman's empty saloon below, in which my own little ones took their meals.

For the great saloon on deck was, in fact, the common sitting and eating room of every

one; the small saloons below being scarcely used. All the state rooms and berths were below; an arrangement which we found very inconvenient and disagreeable; after the more airy plan of the *Kate Hunter*, and of the American lake and river steamers. But the large saloon was a handsome apartment; and I, for one, spent almost the whole of my time here, reading Bulwer's *Caxtons*, that I found on board; and playing at chess with an American passenger who played a good game.

But although the impertinent little New York steamer had sailed round us in the Narrows, the *Asia* was a noble vessel, and held on her way gallantly and swiftly. We had smooth water, and I fancied I should have preferred the motion of a sailing vessel, which might have brought us back in seventeen days. On the eleventh day, however, we now came in sight,—not of England, but of her fogs. We were in the harbour of Liverpool, and might have entered and delivered our mail bags, and landed our passengers that evening; but the fog closed us in, and we dared not advance. During the whole of that

afternoon, and through the whole of that night, we went round and round in a circle, firing minute guns, and constantly ringing our great bell to warn others from us, and to attract a pilot on board. Two other steamers came up, and, being as helpless as ourselves, followed in our wake, and spent the night dancing round in the same weary circle. My only consolation was in the thought that the Liverpool and Manchester people, and their neighbours (whose selfishness and jealousy of London requires the American mails to be brought to Liverpool, that they may receive their own letters first,)—that the Liverpool and Manchester merchants would receive them seven hours later than they would have come to hand had they been landed, as they ought to have been, at Southampton; where none of these frequent northern fogs so tediously, and so dangerously, prolong the voyage.

Meantime, some Spaniards, who were among our passengers, made themselves very merry at the expense of the climate of England; and congratulating us that, though we could not see our native country, we might be quite certain

that it was near at hand, they asked if we did not already feel our health improved by the climate we had come so far to enjoy. It was very provoking.

On the following morning, a pilot found his way on board; he had heard our cannon and our bell; but could not find us in the fog. It cleared off, and we soon worked our way inwards. How dirty and dingy everything looked in the smoke! and how small! The houses looked like little huts, and the trees like bushes; but the heavy build of the colliers and vessels around us was that which contrasted most unfavourably with the light and graceful pleasure-boats, steamers and clippers in the harbour of New York.

It was Sunday morning, and the custom-house officers came on board. The chief looked at my luggage, as his brother at New York had done; and then said: "According to the list put into my hand, I see, sir, that you have a right to be passed second; but most of the passengers have but one or two trunks each; and it would be hard to keep them all waiting while we are engaged upon yours."

"I put myself in your hands," I replied: "if you advise it, I will wait to the last."

It was so settled; and then began a more strict overhauling of baggage than I ever saw in any custom house in Europe. Not a dressing case or a hat box, hardly a pair of stockings escaped examination lest they should contain cigars or American reprints of English books. All this was done on deck; and the baggage of every passenger was exposed to the observations and jeers of those who looked down from the quarter deck above the saloon. The whole system of examining personal baggage is, every where, disgusting and disgraceful to governments. Surely, the more enlightened states might devise reciprocity treaties to secure that the subjects of consenting states, at least, should pass uninsulted by inspection on making a declaration of the nature of their property. A few cigars were found: a few reprints of English copyright works were taken away: the father of the small-pox child had to pay duty on a few heads of Indian corn and tomatas, that he, poor man, was importing as

rarities; two silver bowls were seized in the pockets of an actor: but I doubt whether the value of the whole goods taken, and of the duties levied, was equal to the wages of the custom-house people who made the search. I hope not; for I abominate the whole system of custom-house inspection.

Meanwhile the captain and principal officers had left the vessel, and gone on shore. The luncheon hour came and went; the dinner hour came and went; the hour of tea was approaching; but nothing, since breakfast, had been provided for the famishing passengers. It seemed to be considered that the contract for which we had paid twenty-five pounds each, was completed when we were brought into an English port, and put in the hands of the custom-house officers. Perhaps it was; but it looked bad that, after such a payment, we were obliged to buy, from the steward, a few biscuits, which was all he had on board, to keep us from fainting. At length, the custom-house officer took pity on us. Our baggage had been all brought into the great

saloon: he called in two of his tide-waiters, and told them to deal as gently as possible with it. I assured them that I could swear that it had all left England within the last few months; and they apologised, for that they were bound to open every package. They certainly did open them; but we had no cause to regret that we had given up our turn to the other passengers.

We soon landed; and were in dear—dear England again. I had paid four dollars, or sixteen shillings, for the carriage of my luggage, a distance of two miles, from the hotel to the steamer at New York: at Liverpool, I paid thirty shillings for the carriage of the same luggage about half a mile to the railway station. Next morning, we took our places and went by railroad train to London. All our children complained bitterly of the confinement of the carriages: they complained that there were only two windows amongst six passengers, instead of a window to every two; and that, of those six, three were obliged to sit facing the engine, or with their backs to it, instead of being on moveable seats which they

could turn either way at their pleasure. They complained of the shortness of the stoppages contrived for non-refreshment. I myself could only marvel whether the spirit of mischief and insubordination in the people was really such as to require the scores of porters and guards in uniform who, every where, hemmed in the crowd and interfered with their freedom of action. The result was a vast deal of hurry, scurry, confusion, and discomfort, such as we never knew on an American railroad. Between Albany and Buffalo, I had travelled in comfort, at the same speed as that at which we now advanced, and at a cost of twenty shillings each, two hundred and fifty miles, carriage of luggage included. On this London and Liverpool line, I paid double that amount, and, also, five guineas for a truck and conveyance of our baggage.

However; we arrived at the end of our stage at last, in the evening, and went to the Victoria Hotel, Euston Square. I have recorded the style in which we had been lodged and boarded at New York, Niagara and Saratoga, the most costly and fashionable and

luxurious places in America, and the amount I had everywhere paid: as I left this Euston Square Hotel immediately after breakfast next morning, it was rather amusing than otherwise to be charged, by it, for our apartments only, exclusive of board, as much as we had been used to pay for the apartments and three or four meals in the American towns I have named: it was rather amusing than otherwise to have to pay two shillings a-head for tea, and two shillings a-head for

——"the ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast,"

and six shillings extra for the wing of a fowl, called for expressly for myself (on the plea that they always charged meat breakfasts to a whole party, if any one had it):—and it was, above all, rich and amusing to receive, two days afterwards, another bill from the same hotel, demanding one shilling and sixpence, or thirty-six cents, omitted to be charged for the keep of our dog during the same lengthened night!

It was evident that we were in dear England

again. In no other part of the world would innkeepers be permitted to make such charges for such accommodation.

THE END.

F. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.